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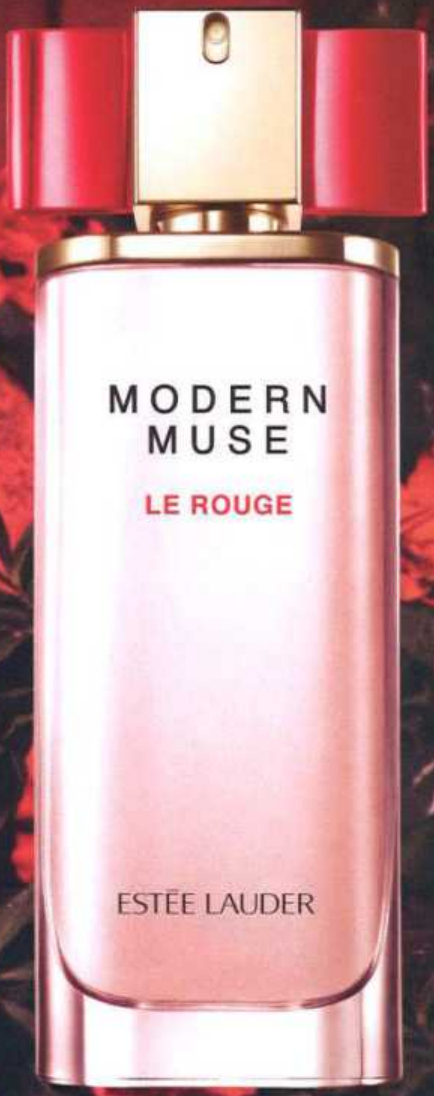
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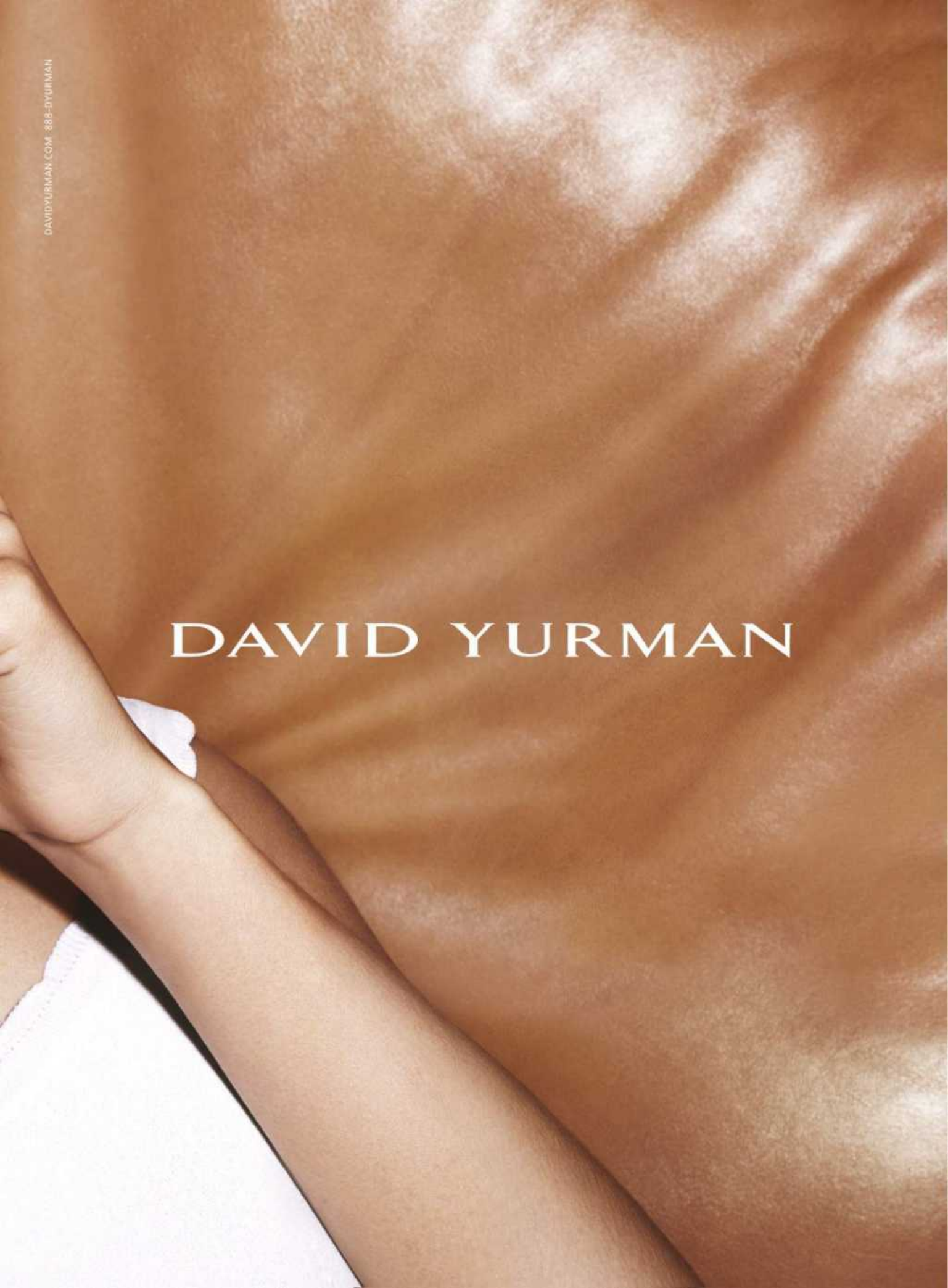
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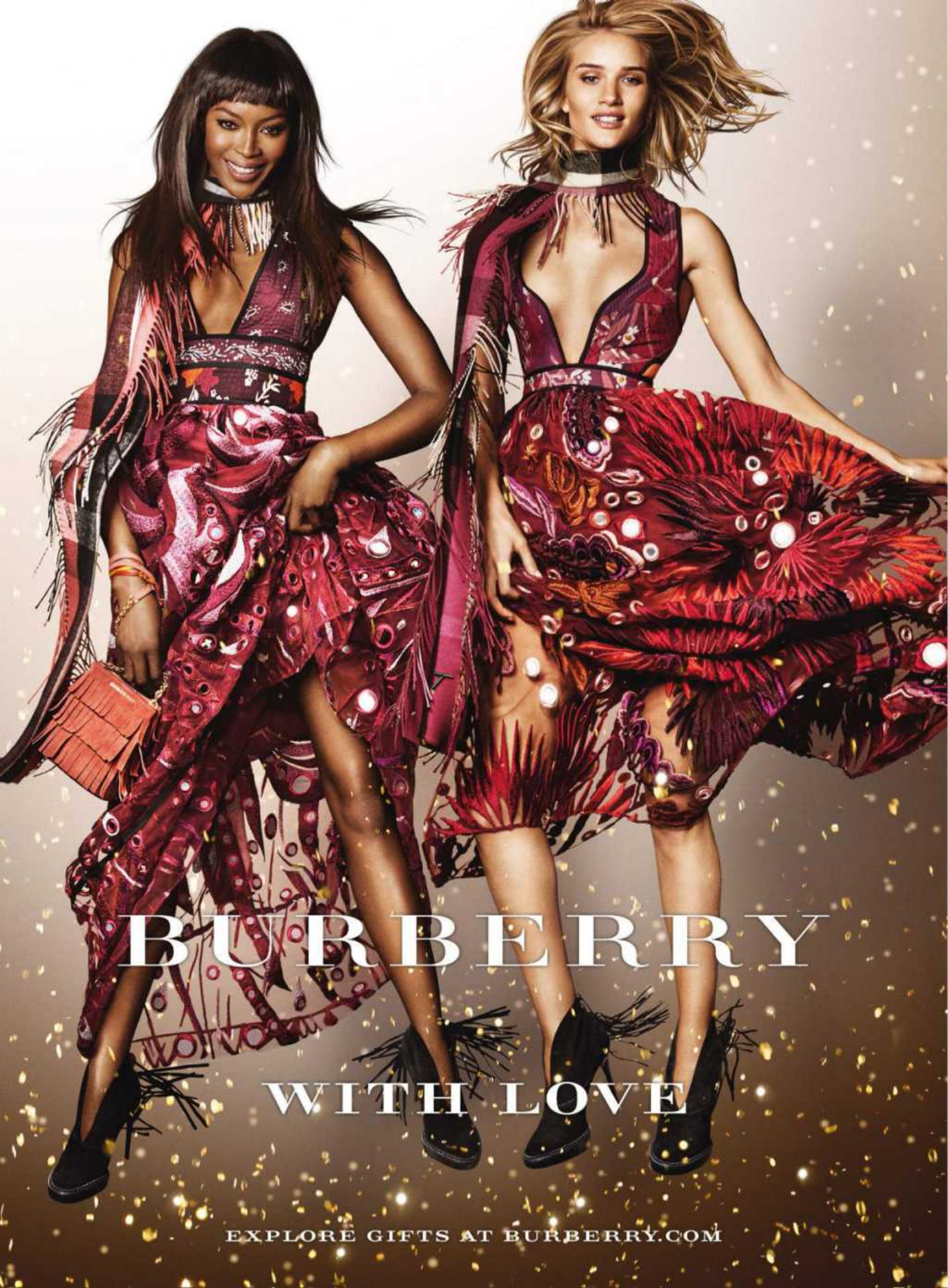


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ACTOR DOMHNALL GLEESON (IN A BURBERRY LONDON SUIT) AND MODEL GIGI HADID (IN A VALENTINO DRESS). PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO.

FASHION EDITOR: TONNE GOODMAN. HAIR: CHRISTIAAN; MAKEUP: YUMI LEE. MENSWEAR EDITOR: MICHAEL PHILOUZE. PRODUCED BY BJORN F. GERLING FOR PRODUCTION BERLIN. PHOTOGRAPHED AT A PÉROLA DO BOLHÃO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

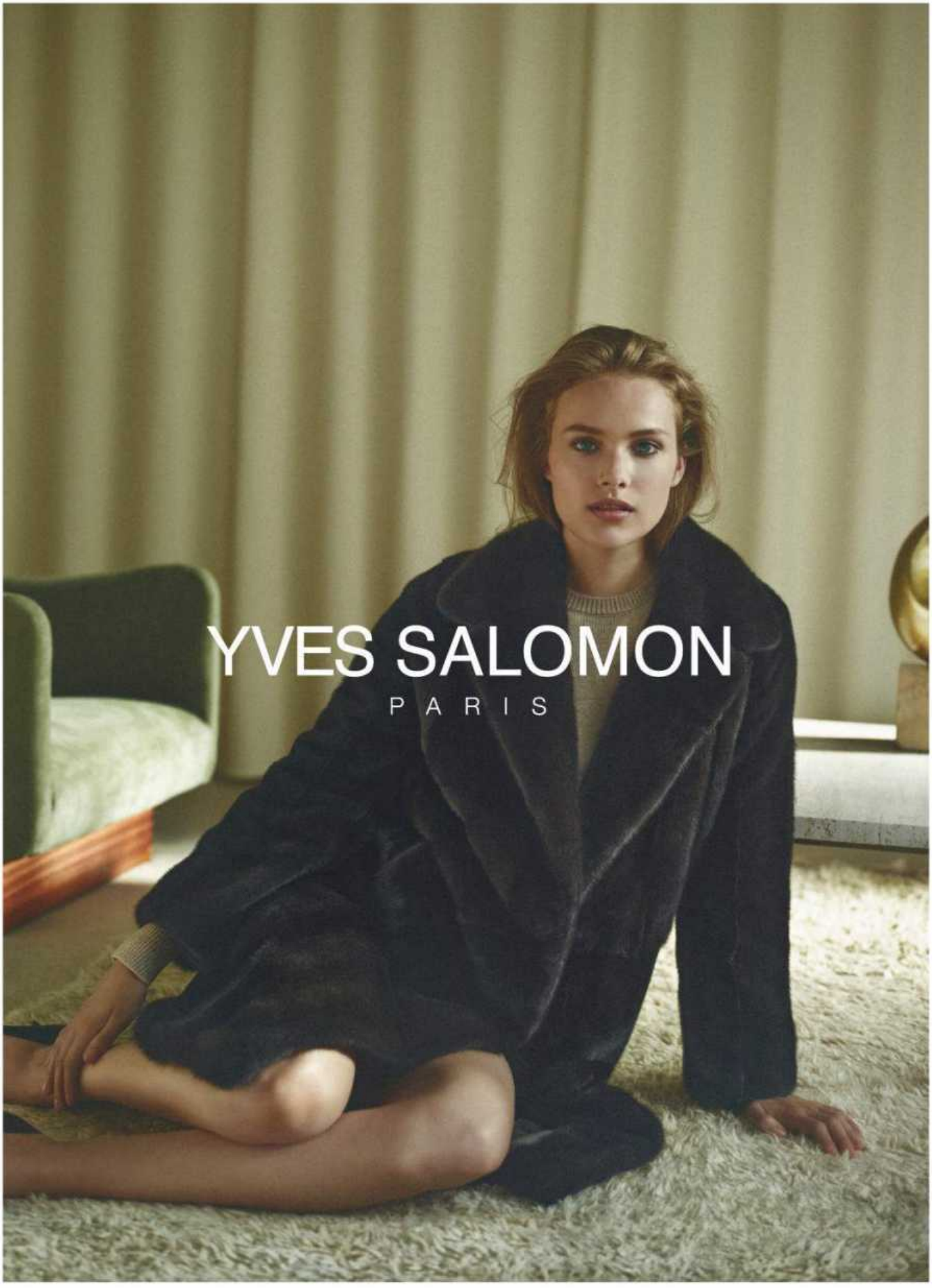

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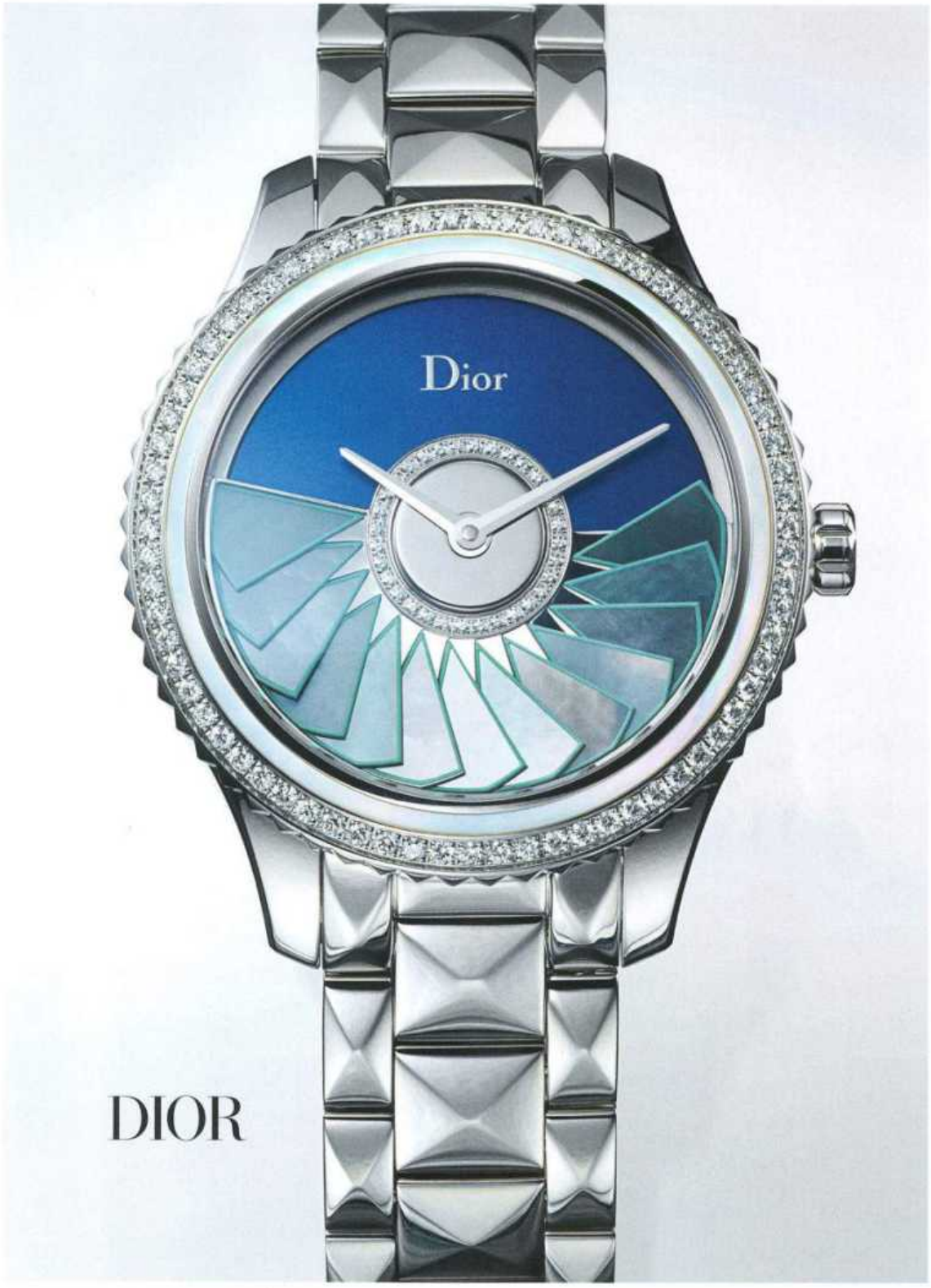


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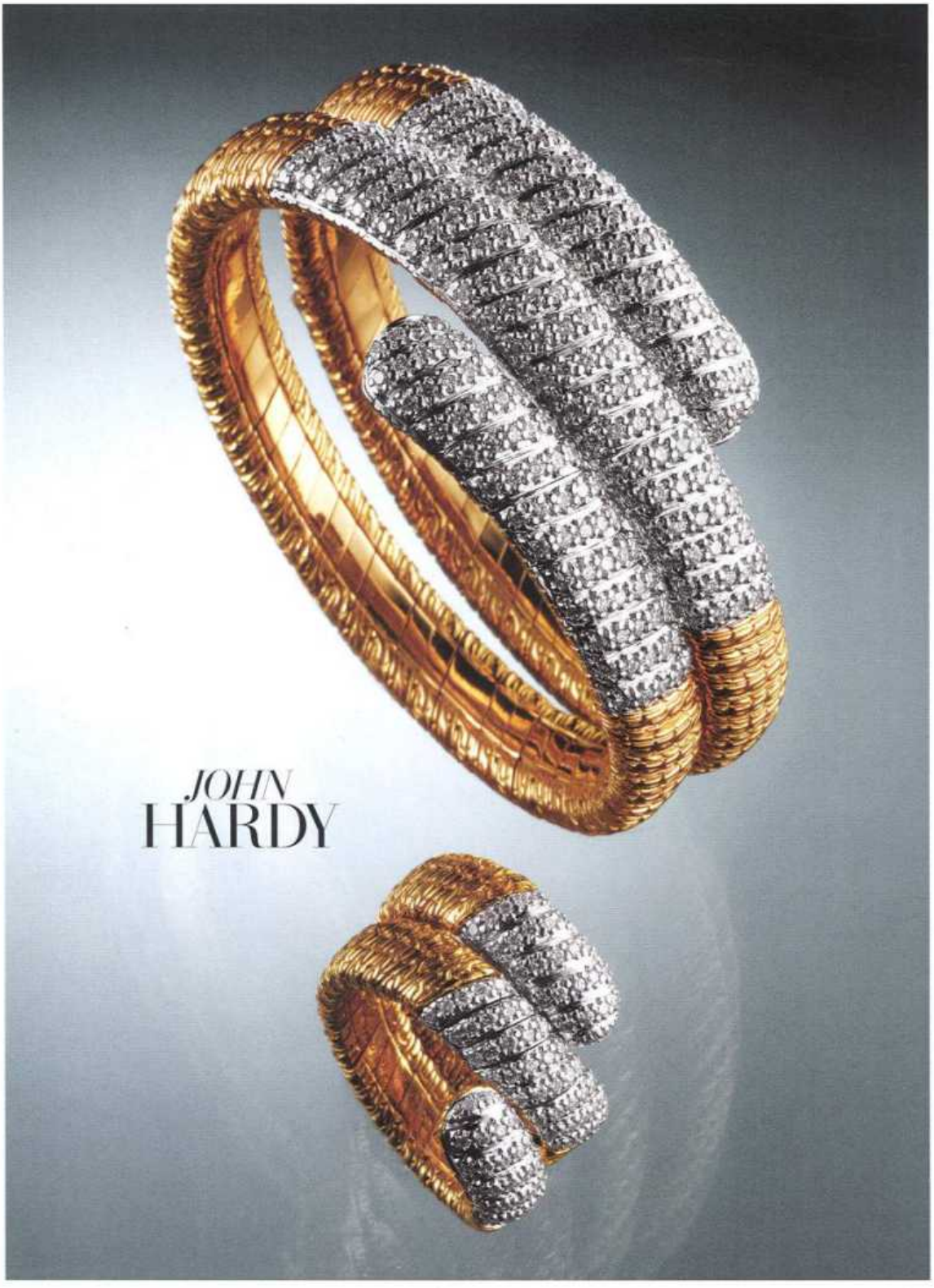
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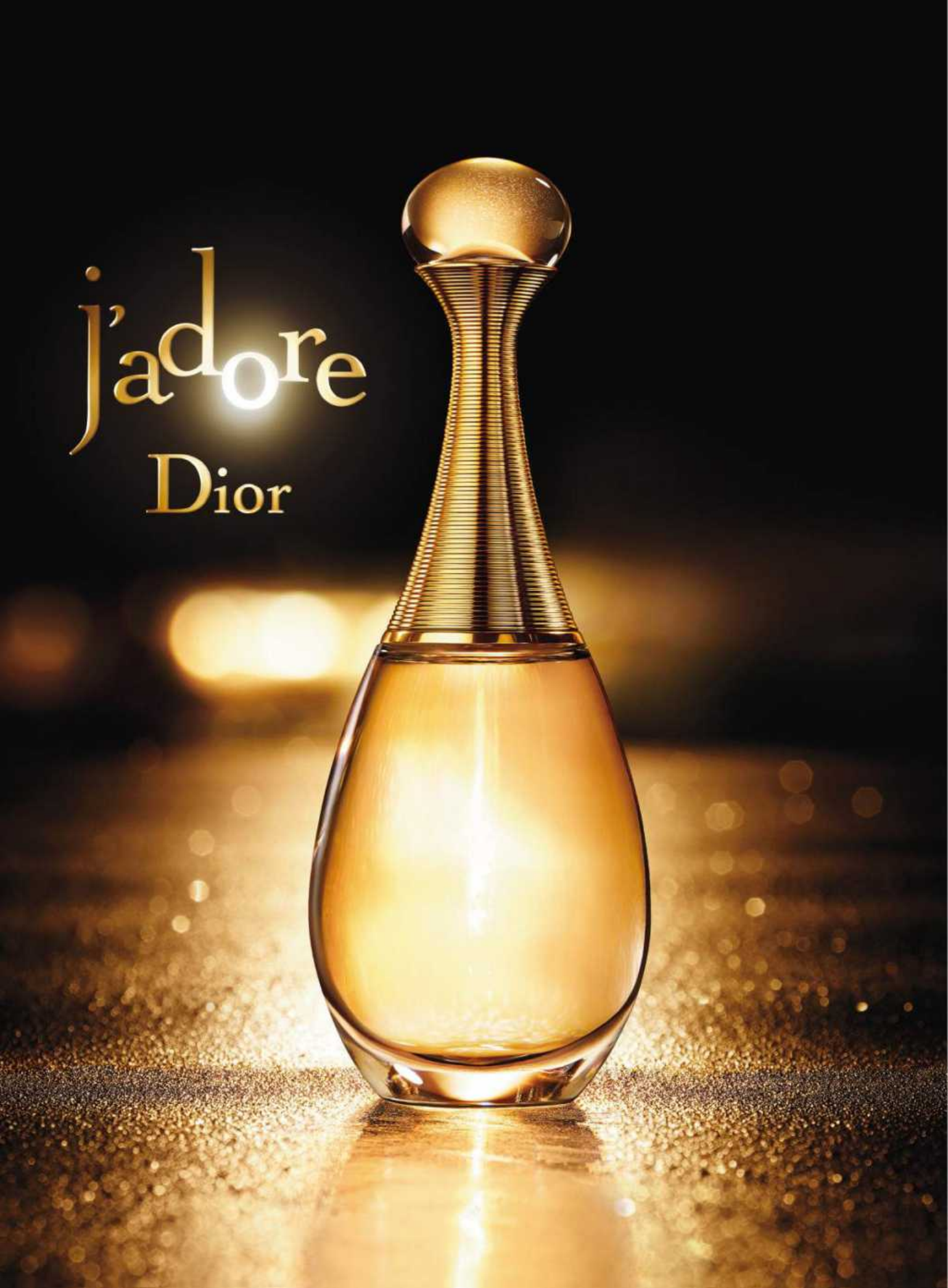
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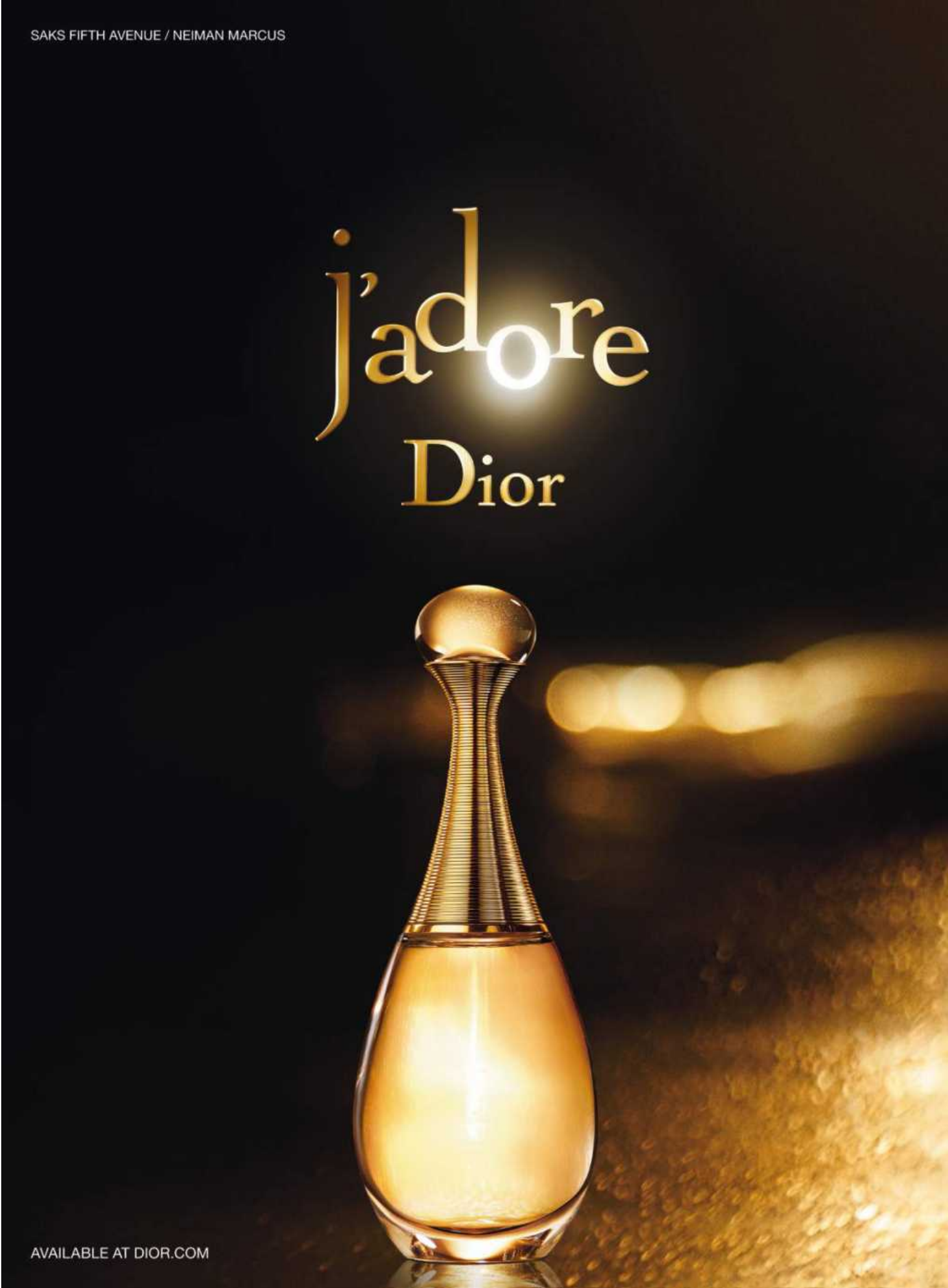



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VOGUE december

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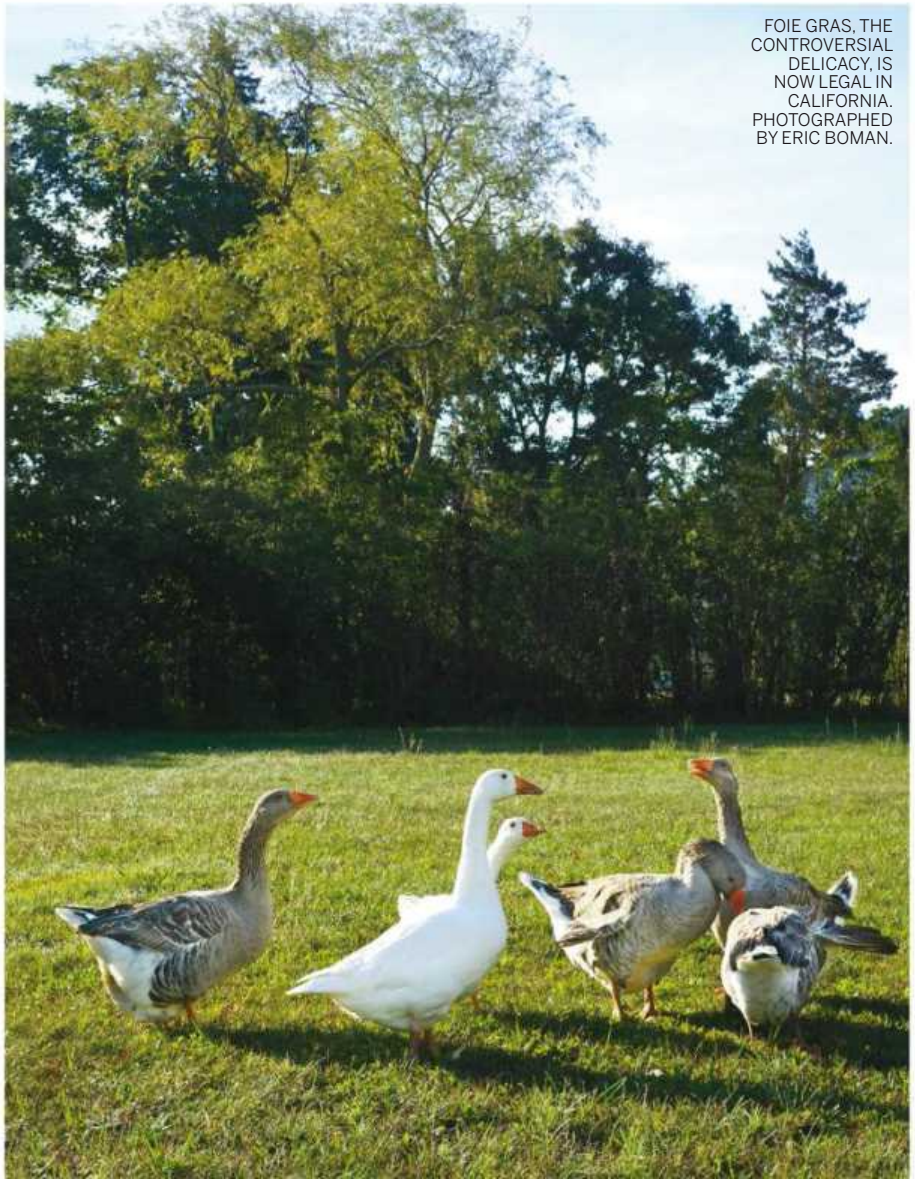
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FOIE GRAS, THE CONTROVERSIAL DELICACY, IS NOW LEGAL IN CALIFORNIA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC BOMAN.

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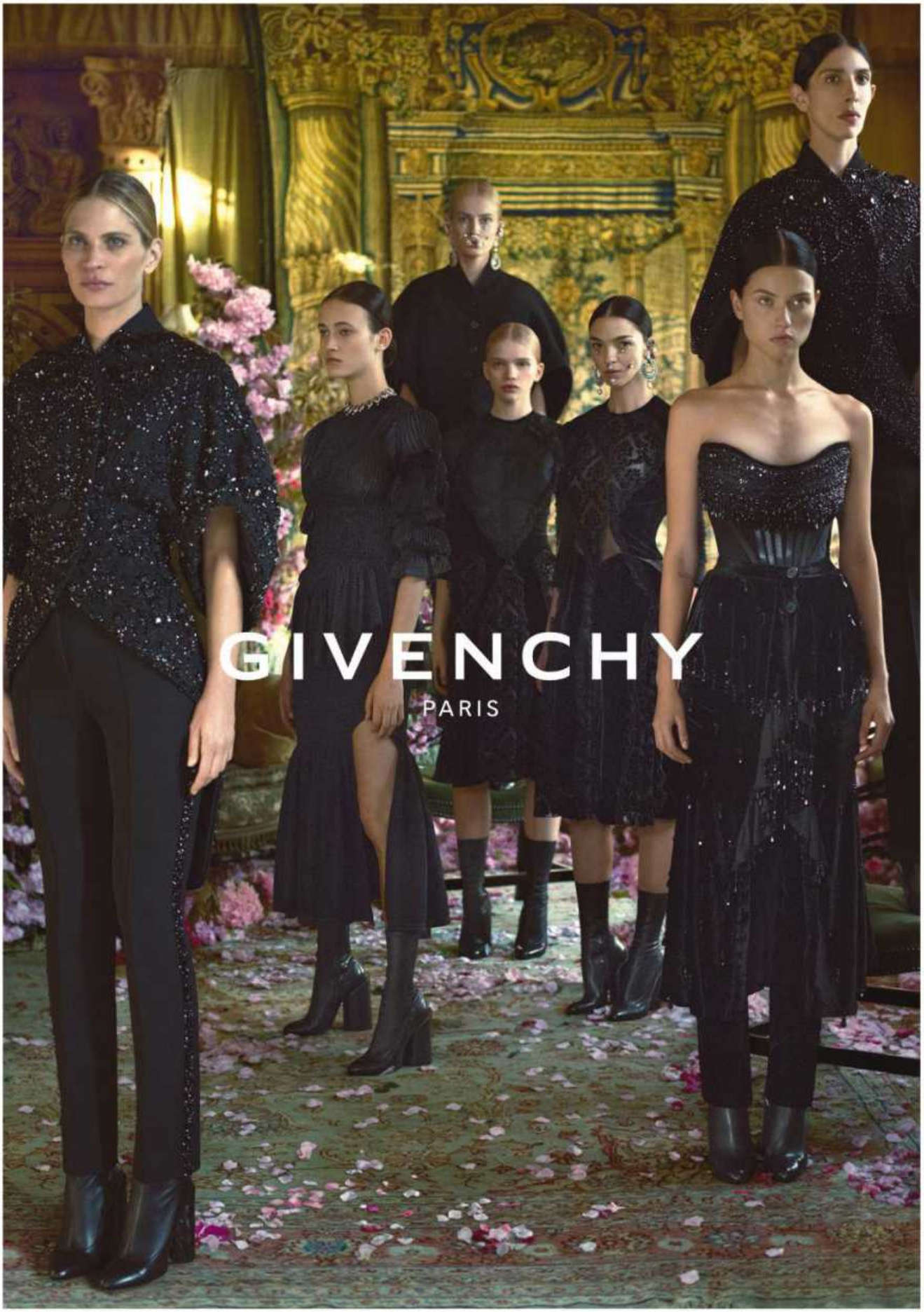
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MODEL KENDALL JENNER (IN MARC JACOBS) WITH ACTOR HAL FOWLER. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT.

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Alice and her follies. Kendall Jenner—with some fantastical friends—trips down the rabbit hole in the season's splendors. By Adam Green

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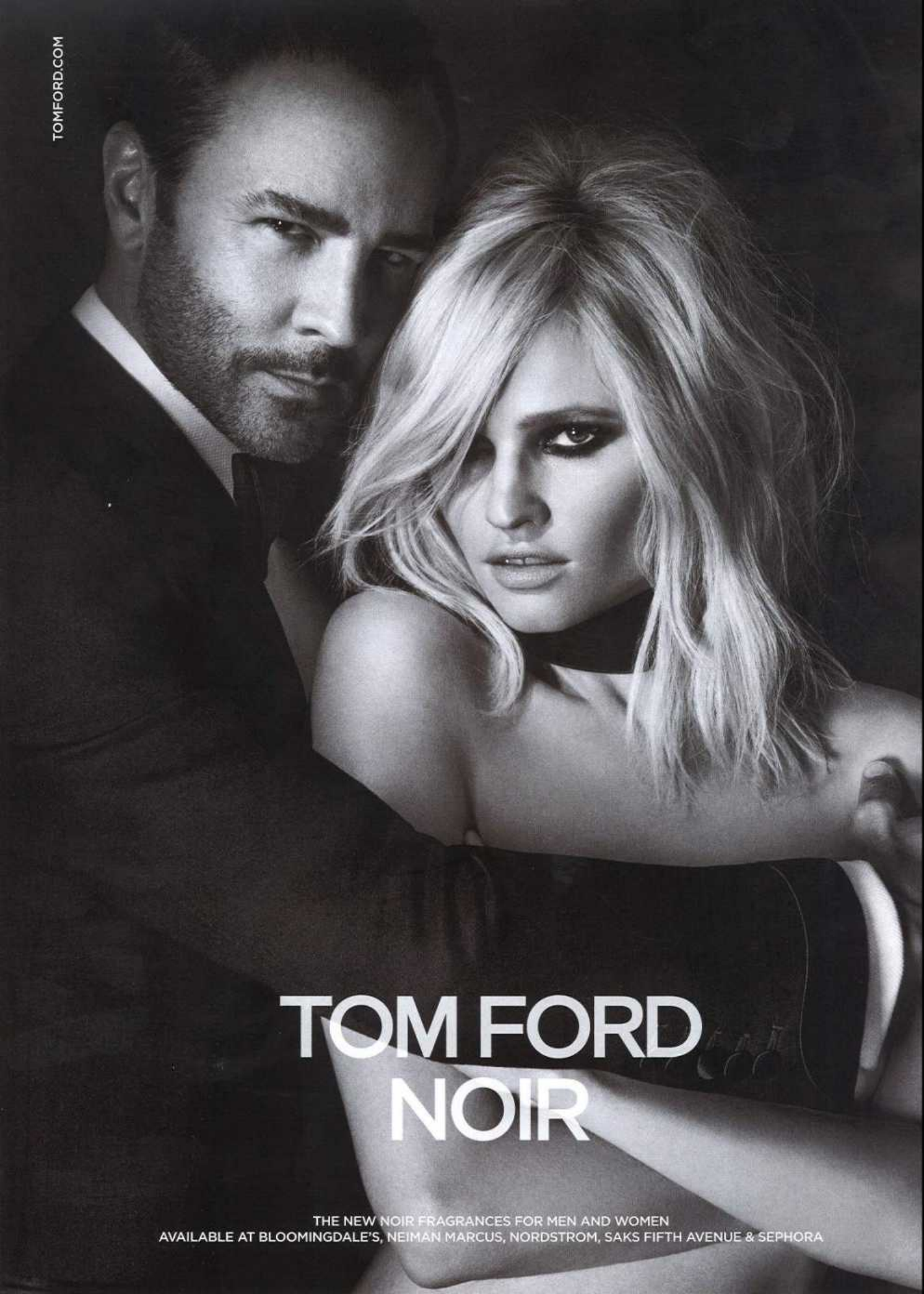
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LAST LOOK

cover look WINTER'S LIGHT



Jennifer Lawrence wears a Calvin Klein Collection dress and tank top. To get this look, try: Diorskin Airflash Spray Foundation, Diorskin Nude Air Tan Powder in Amber, Powder Eyebrow Pencil in Soft Brown, Eye Reviver Illuminating Neutrals Palette, Diorshow Extase Mascara in Black Extase, Dior Addict Lipstick in Incognito. All by Dior Beauty. Hair, Shay Ashual; makeup, Hannah Murray. Details, see In This Issue. **Photographer: Mikael Jansson. Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.**

FASHION EDITOR: GRACE CODDINGTON. JENNER: HAIR, SHAY ASHUAL; MAKEUP, LISA ELDRIDGE FOR LANCÔME. COSTUME DESIGN, KATRINA LINDSAY. SET DESIGN, ANDREW TOMLINSON FOR STREETERS. PRODUCED BY ACROSS MEDIA PRODUCTION.


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BOLD AND BEAUTIFUL JENNIFER LAWRENCE ON SET IN A RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION DRESS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKAEL JANSSON.

video

Inside the Actors STUDIO

Will the real Jennifer Lawrence please stand up? In this *Vogue* original short, filmed on the set of her cover shoot and directed by Cass Bird, the actress parodies the proverbial celebrity interview.

'TIS THE SEASON…

And we've got a gift for you: Vogue.com has done all of the hard work and put together the definitive shopping guide for every single loved one on your list. You can thank us later.

COCKTAIL HOUR

The inevitable flurry of holiday invitations means one thing: Festive frocks are in demand. We've highlighted the best, and they're all party-circuit-ready!

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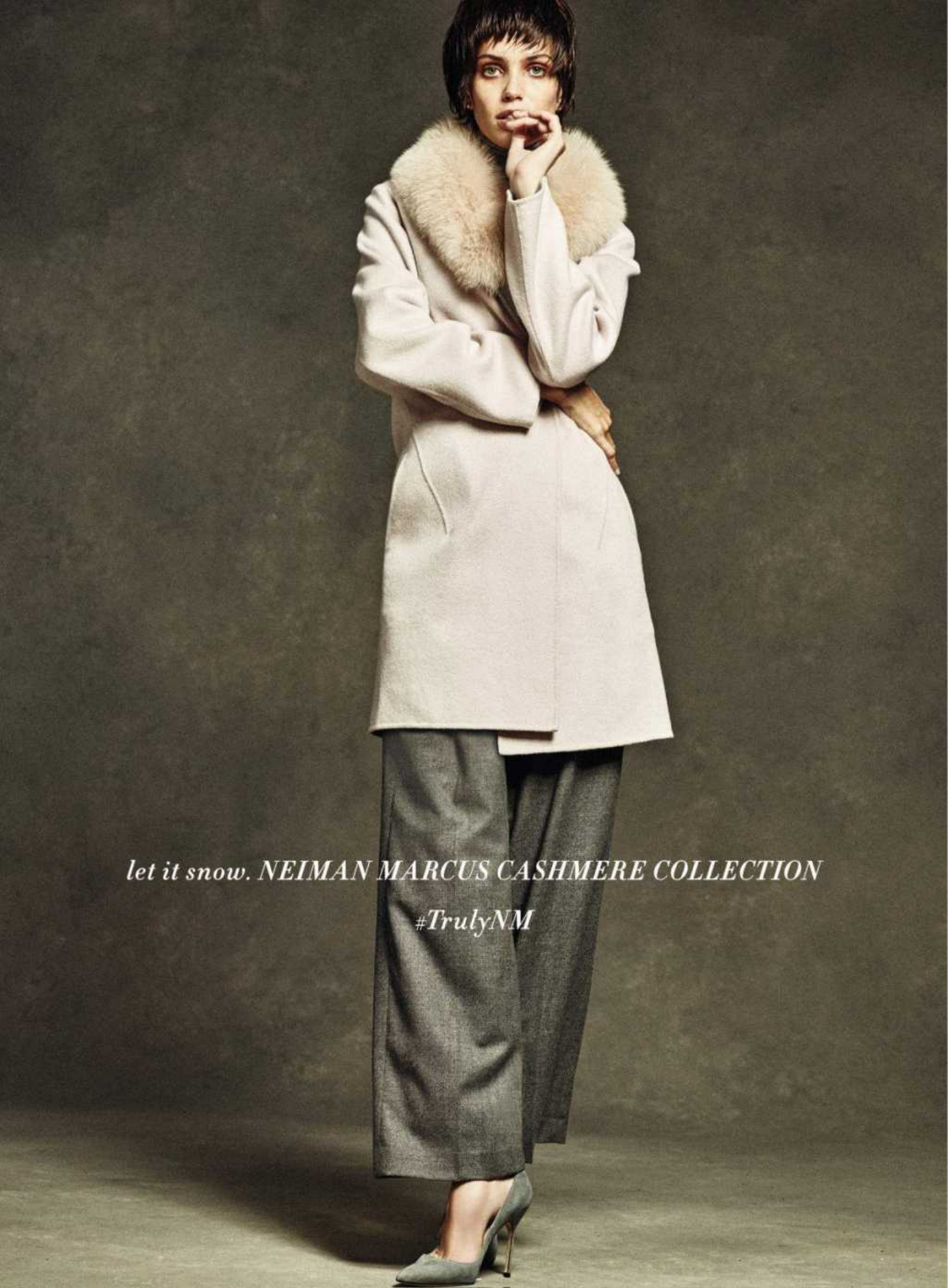
Ahead of this year's United Nations Climate Change Conference, the COP21, meet thirteen of the women who have been most instrumental in the fight against global warming. Go to Vogue.com for portraits of these game changers, shot by Inez and Vinoodh, including Hindou Oumarou Ibrahim (RIGHT), a member of the executive committee of the Indigenous Peoples of Africa Coordinating Committee (IPACC). Then watch our video dispatches, hosted by Cameron Russell, as this critical conference unfolds in Paris.

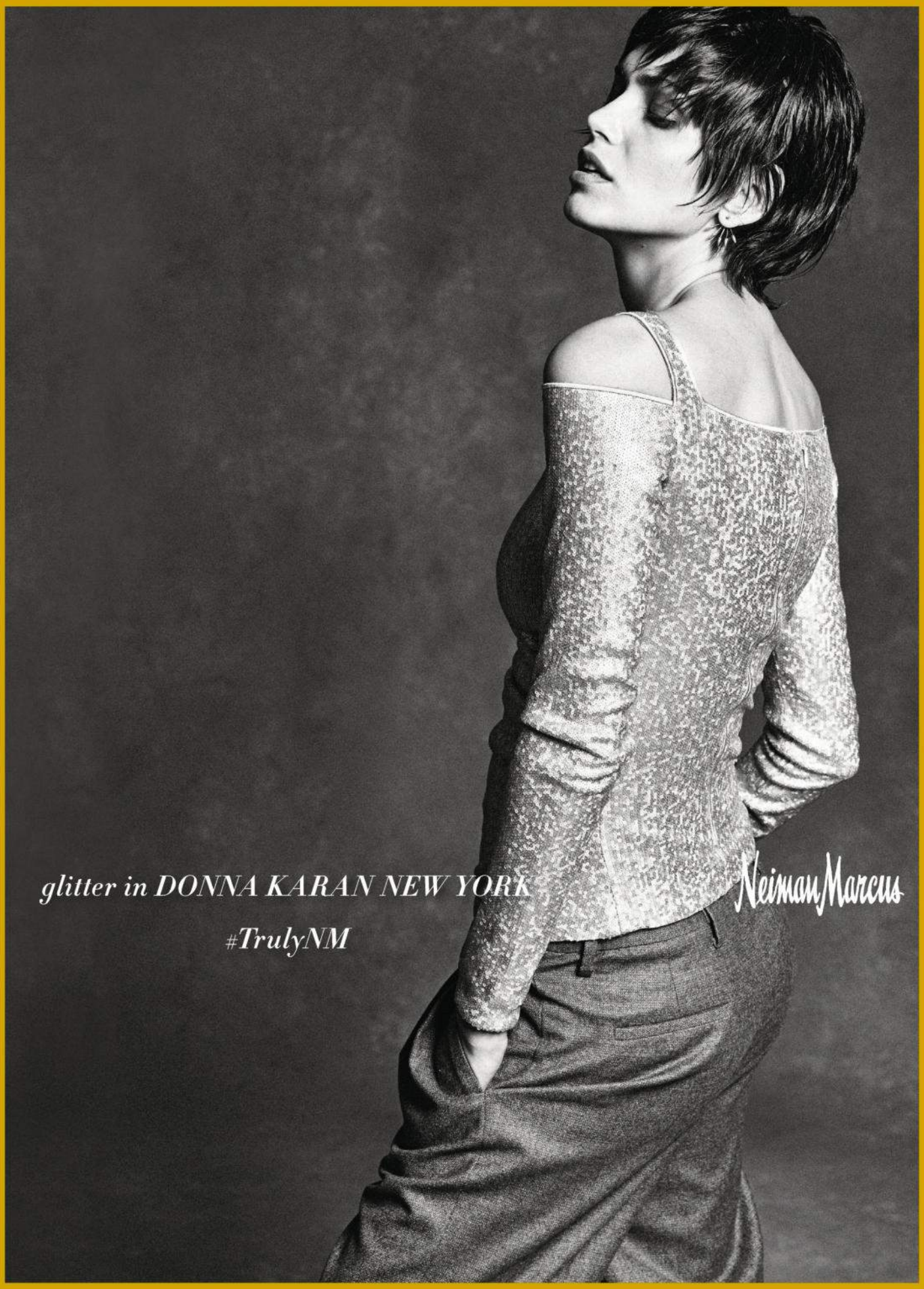


POWER PLAYER HINDOU OUMAROU IBRAHIM, PHOTOGRAPHED BY INEZ AND VINOODH.

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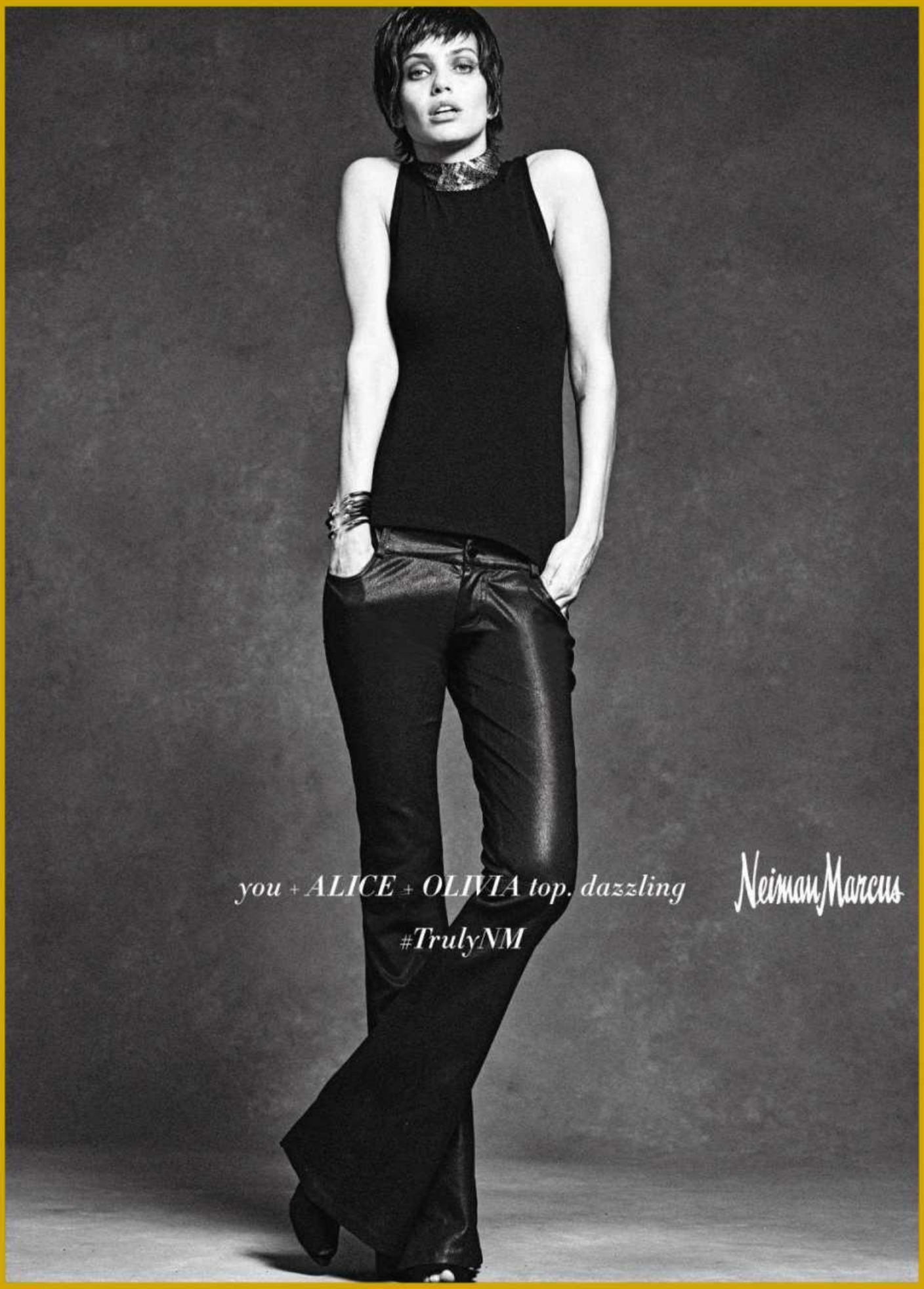

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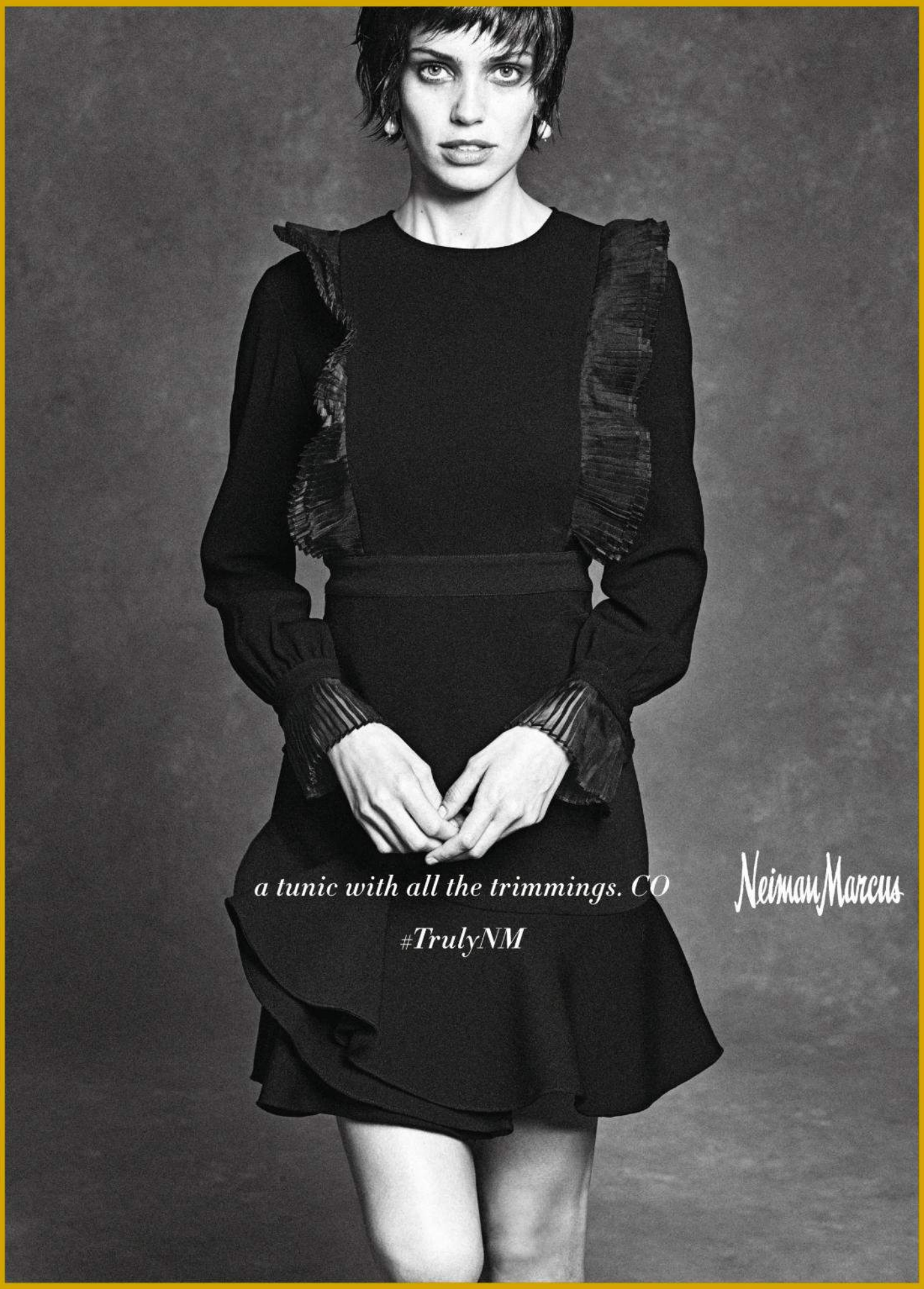
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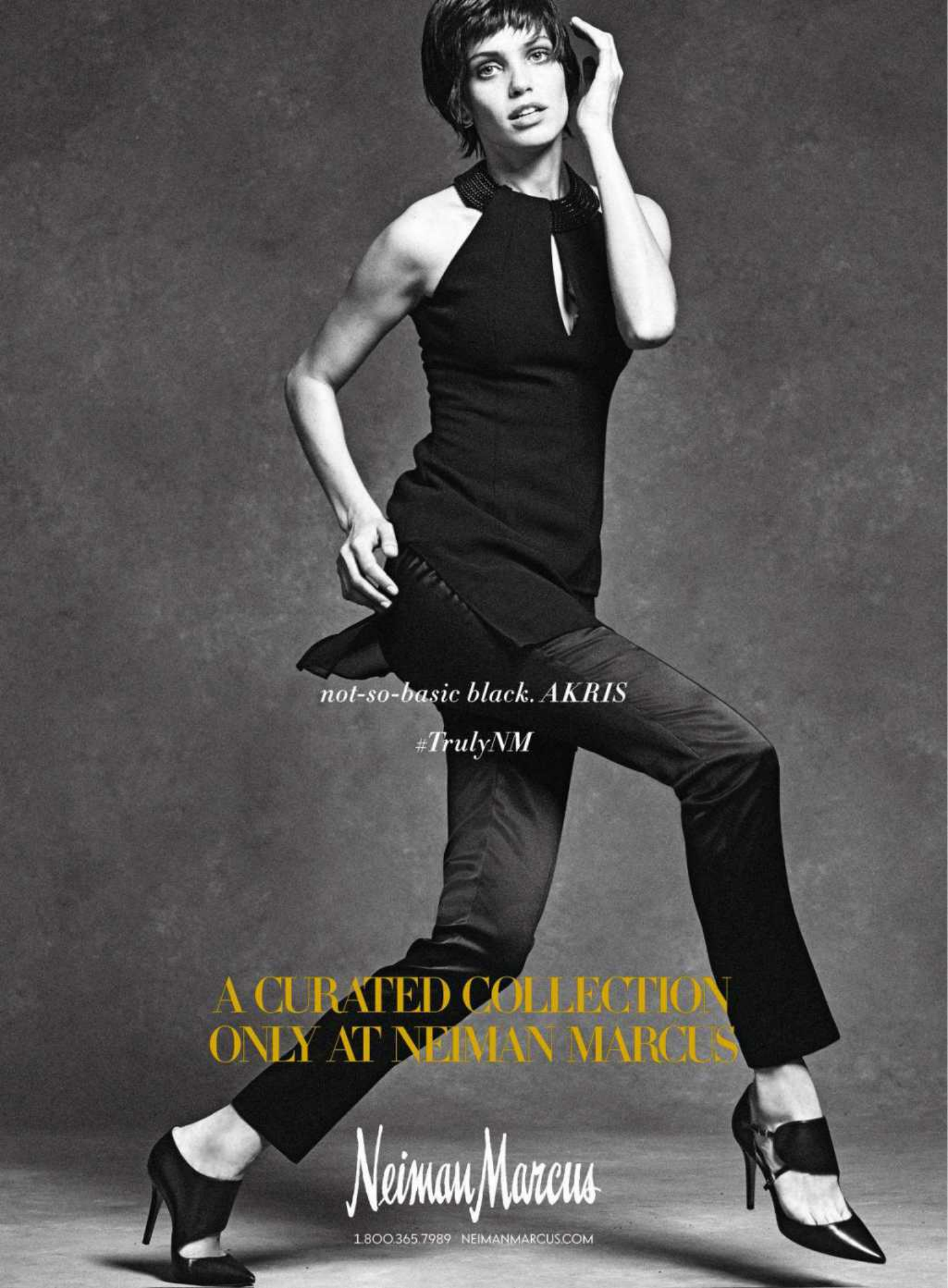

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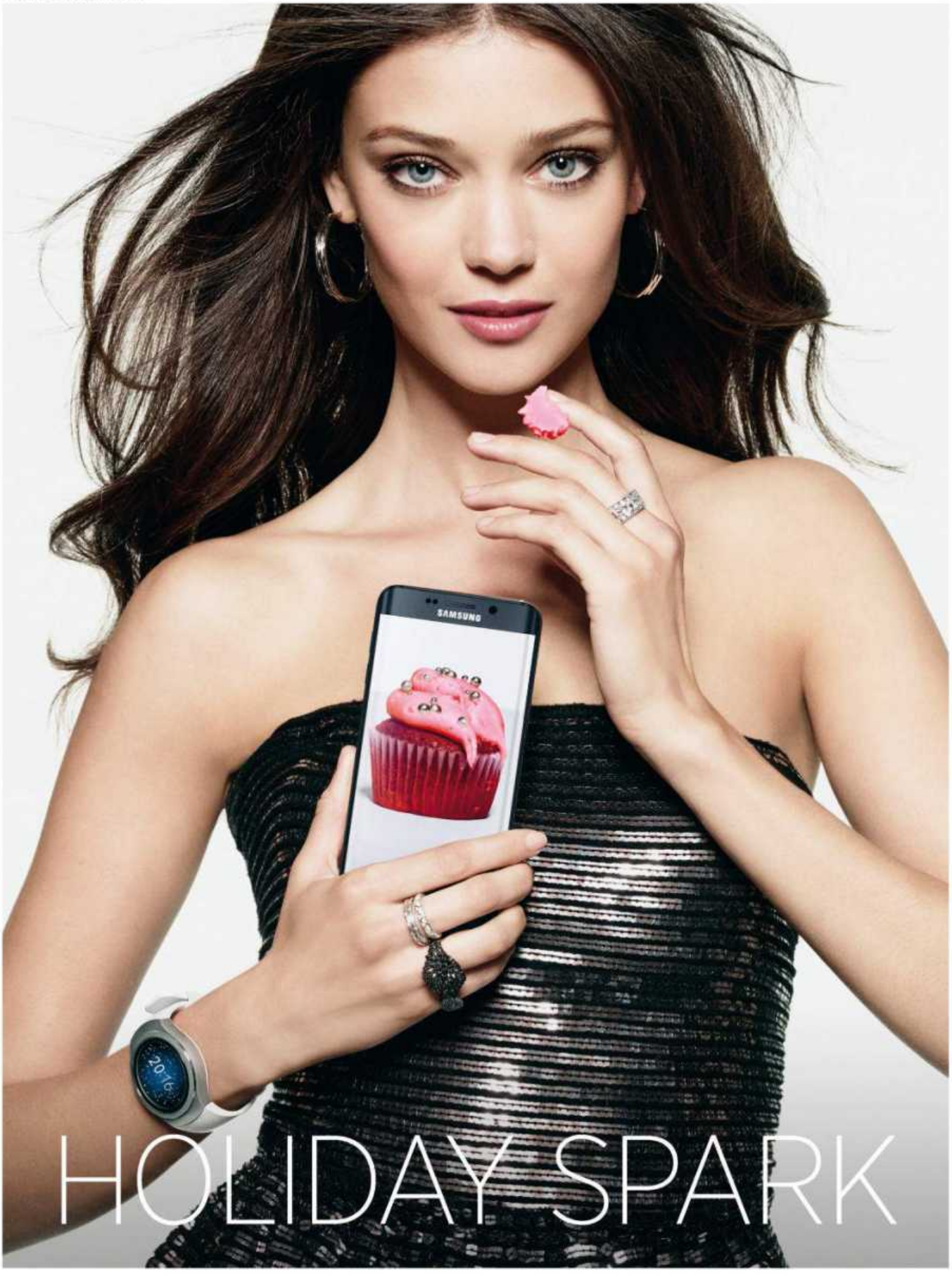
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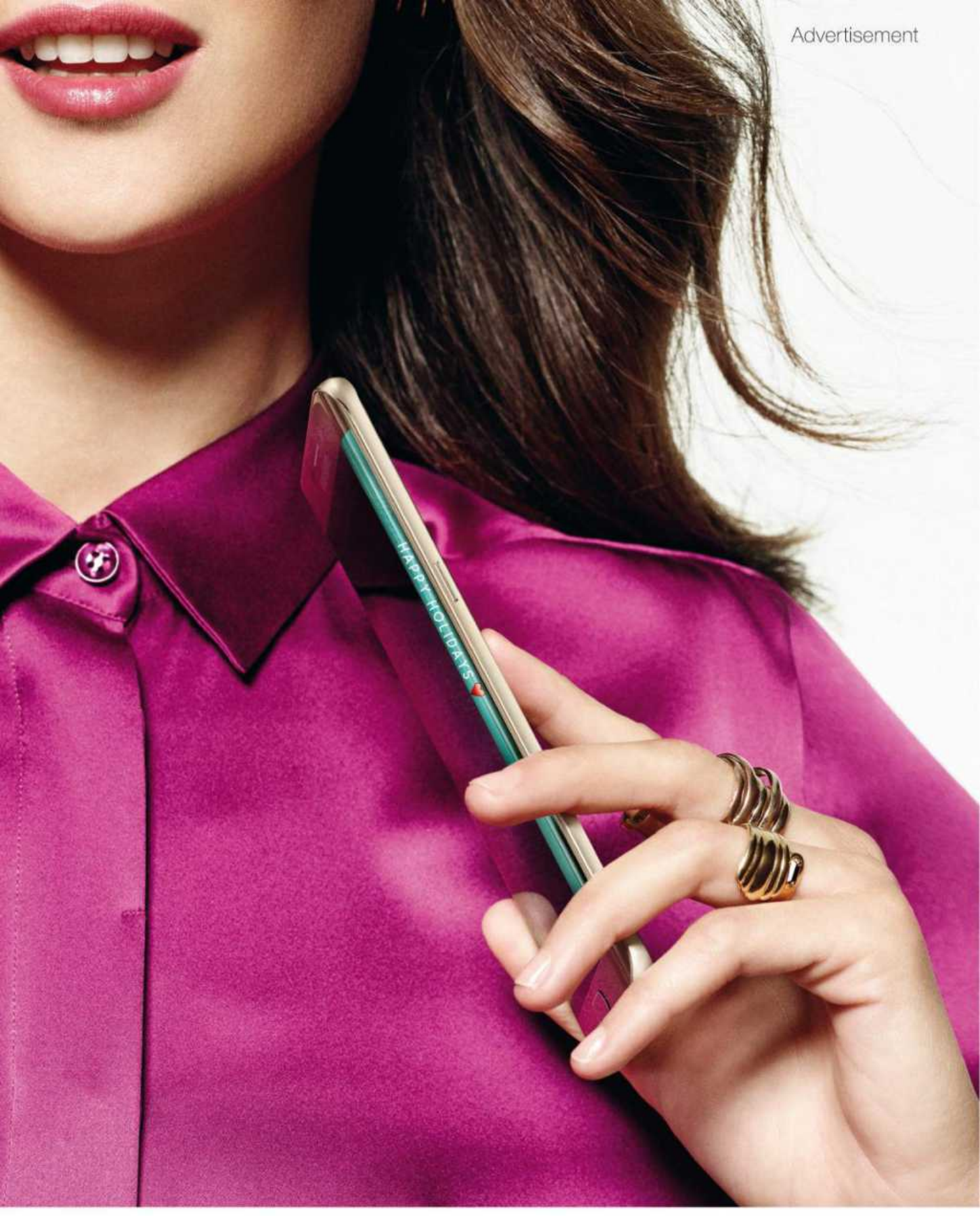


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KEEPING IT SURREAL KENDALL JENNER WITH MEMBERS OF THE *WONDER.LAND* CAST. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT.

World of Wonder





ADVENTURE TIME ABOVE: NATALIA VODIANOVA, AS ALICE, IN DIOR HAUTE COUTURE, WITH JOHN GALLIANO AS THE QUEEN OF HEARTS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, *VOGUE,* 2003. RIGHT: VODIANOVA CHANNELS ANOTHER FAIRY TALE FOR *VOGUE* IN 2009. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT.

Every December we plan to give you a holiday-season surprise, and this year that treat comes in the form of a preview of *wonder.land,* the National Theatre of London's social media–era update of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* ("Dream State," page 201). It's a mesmerizing production staged by the theater's artistic director, Rufus Norris, and written by playwright Moira Buffini, with songs by Damon Albarn of Blur and Gorillaz. What makes *wonder.land*—you say the "dot," by the way—so inventive is its central conceit, which substitutes a smartphone screen for the notion of the looking glass. Aly, a lonely, alienated teenager of mixed parentage, creates a blonde Amazonian avatar that goes on to meet all manner of fantastical creatures in cyberspace.

Fairy tales have, of course, always been a rich source of inspiration for *Vogue,* and in his essay on *wonder.land,* writer Adam Green teases out why: All those stories we read as youngsters, while entirely appropriate for children, also contain truths and revelations that

EDITOR'S LETTER>94



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letter from the editor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

are distinctly, sometimes scarily, adult in nature. I like to think our own retelling of those fables has over the years explored that tension, thanks to our narrator-in-residence, Grace Coddington. She is an absolute genius at the fashion sitting–as–storybook, using the clothes she shoots as much as whom she shoots to tell compelling and memorable tales. (You can see just how gifted she is in this regard in the recent reissue of her book *Grace: Thirty Years of Fashion at Vogue;* the news of its being back in print will come as a relief to those who have been able to find the original edition only for eye-watering amounts on eBay!)

What makes Grace's reimagining of fairy tales so successful is the element of surprise she always brings. She cast the gorgeous African-American model Beverly Peele as Snow White in a Bruce Weber version of that story that also starred Aretha Franklin as the Wicked Queen, as well as Natalia Vodianova as Alice in *Vogue*'s previous trip to Wonderland, in which Grace had designers—Marc Jacobs, John Galliano, Christian Lacroix—taking on Carroll's characters. She also had Natalia play Little Red Riding Hood in a sitting photographed by Mert Alas and Marcus Piggott, and it is to that duo Grace turned to photograph our current wonder.land. Her sly wink here was to have Kendall Jenner, a model who is no stranger to another kind of wonderland—one called Instagram—as Alice's avatar.



LITTLE REDHEAD RIDING HOOD
GRACE CODDINGTON ON SET WITH THE WOLF-CHANNELING MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT IN 2009.



UNCOMMON LAW
JENNIFER LAWRENCE IN DIOR HAUTE COUTURE AT THE 2015 MET COSTUME INSTITUTE GALA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO.

Speaking of incredible characters who ignite the imagination: our cover star, Jennifer Lawrence. You can read at length in Jonathan Van Meter's lively profile ("Laying Down the Law," page 212) why Jennifer is such a great actress—as well as an outspoken advocate for gender equality in the movie industry. She graces this issue because of the final installment of the Hunger Games, as well as her latest David O. Russell collaboration, *Joy,* yet there is another, albeit unplanned, aspect to the timing of her appearance that makes sense. *Vogue*'s editors and I have just finished seeing all of the spring 2016 collections, and in talking about them the words we kept coming back to time and time again were *authentic* and *real.* Those are qualities Jennifer—a woman with no interest in being a Hollywood clone—possesses in abundance, along with her candor, humor, and honesty. Her rise to fame might have the ring of a fairy tale about it, but the truth is, her brand of fearless talent was never going to require a magic wand to take her to the very top.

Anna Wintour

CODDINGTON: COURTESY OF MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT


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talking back





POWER PLAYERS
FROM TOP: THE SEPTEMBER COVER AND AN IMAGE FROM "EMPIRE RISES," BOTH PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO. ATTORNEY GENERAL LORETTA LYNCH, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.



♡112k

Change to BELIEVE in

VOGUE's September issue is always a conversation starter, and this year the chatter centered on diversity in fashion, culture, and politics. There was our cover star, Beyoncé ("perfect choice," wrote Karen McGinnis of Bristol, RI), our *Empire* portfolio ("stunning," wrote Carly Ryan of Royal Oak, MI), our profiles of Attorney General Loretta Lynch and *Daily Show* host Trevor Noah—not to mention Liya Kebede's windswept turn in the fashion spread "Hustle & Bustle." A few readers noted Queen Bey's refusal to sit for an interview—as did *The New York Times:* "Why has Beyoncé gone mum?" Weeks later the Lupita Nyong'o October cover appeared, and race was topic A again. "Is VOGUE's leadership proof that fashion is finally shedding its monochromaticism?" asked the *New York Post.* We hope so.

A BLACK WOMAN ON THE COVER OF THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF *VOGUE.* THAT'S WHAT'S UP
@michelle779

SHE'S ON THE COVER BUT WOULDN'T DEIGN TO BE INTERVIEWED
@mwabooth

VOGUE nailed it, with stars such as Beyoncé and the cast of *Empire,* you showed how art and social media influence society today. The black movement takes on fashion's biggest issue of the year perfectly.

FELIPE RODRIGUEZ JIMENEZ, via email

#23 PODCAST ON ITUNES CHART

September also marked the launch of the VOGUE podcast, hosted by longtime contributor André Leon Talley. The inaugural episode featured our Editor in Chief discussing the mega-issue ("ALT interviewing Anna Wintour! You cannot ask for better than that," commented iTunes listener RMTCA), and generated excitement for pods to come. Episodes 2 and 3, Talley's interview with *Empire*'s cocreator, Lee Daniels, are also must-listens.



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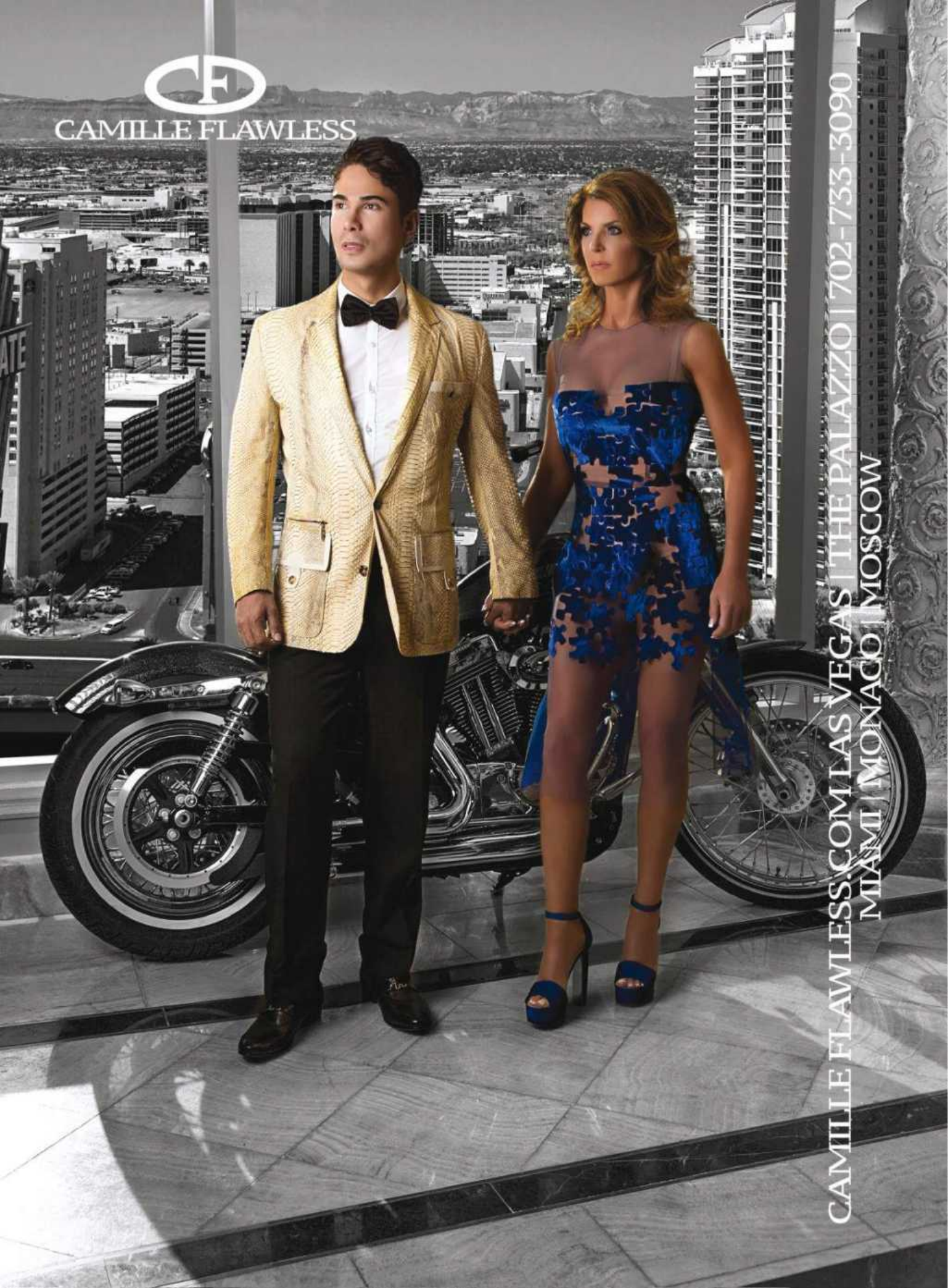

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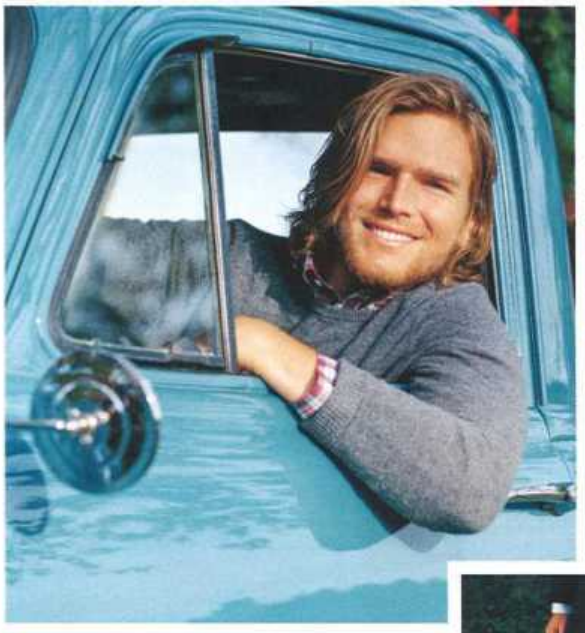


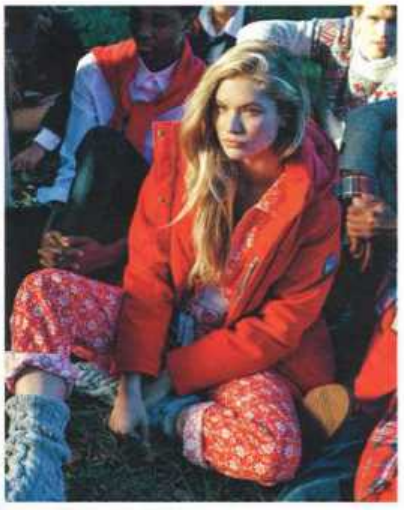





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WORKING IT
GIGI HADID, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO.

THAT'S HOW A WOMAN'S BODY SHOULD LOOK!
@hanita59

BODY Positive

When Instagram trolls body-shamed Gigi Hadid during New York Fashion Week, the supermodel hit back hard in an open letter posted to her account ("Yes, I have boobs, I have abs, I have a butt, I have thighs . . . your mean comments don't make me want to change my body"), earning cheers from fans, followers, and industry peers. "Proud to call you a friend #preachgirl," Karlie Kloss regrammed. Hadid spoke exclusively to Vogue.com about the furor: "There are people who feel like they're able to hide behind their user names and their private accounts," she told us, "who feel like they can say whatever they want and it won't affect anyone." Afterward, social media lit up with praise. @QueenKenyall tweeted, "You are an inspiration to everyone."



LA FAMIGLIA
FROM LEFT: MODEL ADRIANA LIMA AND HER DAUGHTERS, SIENNA AND VALENTINA, ALL IN DOLCE & GABBANA, PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE WEBER.

Dolce VITA

One of our most attention-getting articles in September was Domenico Dolce's mea culpa for the controversial statements on IVF he made last March. "I've done some soul-searching," the designer told VOGUE's Sarah Mower. "I've realized that my words were inappropriate, and I apologize." *USA Today,* Fashionista, and The Huffington Post were just a few of the outlets to report on the interview, while reactions on Facebook ranged from skeptical ("It took 5 months? . . . too late") to mollified ("At least he has apologized!").

DOLCE VITA: FASHION EDITOR: TABITHA SIMMONS. HAIR, RECINE; MAKEUP AARON DE MEY. PRODUCED BY DAWN BOLLER FOR LITTLE BEAR. PHOTOGRAPHED AT CARROLLTON SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART. DETAILS SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



MODEL BEHAVIOR
CINDY CRAWFORD, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARTER SMITH.

INBOX from the

I remember when Cindy Crawford's first American VOGUE cover—August 1986—arrived in the mailbox on my sixteenth birthday. The ageless Cindy is still stunning almost 30 years later ["Lake Effect," by Rob Haskell, September]. Crawford's teenage daughter, Kaia, looks so much like her—I hope to see the two of them together on your cover soon.

LAURA SWINDLE
SAN DIEGO, CA

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SUBJECTIVE REALITY

AFTERNOON SUN
DOWNTOWN STREET CORNER, NEW YORK, NY
STACY MARTIN
BY STEVEN MEISEL

MIU MIU
EYEWEAR

contributors

DOMHNALL Gleeson

It is Domhnall (pronounced "Doan-al") Gleeson's fate to be thought of as a nice fellow. Offscreen, colleagues like Bill Nighy hail his courtesy and sense of fun; on-screen, he broke out playing the idealistic Levin in *Anna Karenina.* Small wonder the amiable 32-year-old Irish actor ("The Big Tease," page 222) is so tickled by his two big Christmas blockbusters: In Alejandro González Iñárritu's revenge drama *The Revenant,* he plays a stolid frontiersman who gradually loses his decency, while in *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* he's an out-and-out baddie. "My General Hux," he tells me by phone from Dublin, "is not a people person. He likes to destroy things." Not that Gleeson's gone completely over to the Dark Side, mind you. He shines as Saoirse Ronan's sturdy small-town Irish beau in the 1950s drama *Brooklyn,* a role that let him draw on his roots in the Auld Sod. He has no plans to slow down anytime soon, having just finished a Tom Cruise thriller, *Mena,* in Atlanta ("You want to work with people who scare you a little bit"). Perhaps because his manner is so engagingly light, he dreams of starring in a classic noir story like *Double Indemnity.* "Of course, we'd have to do a new take on it. Maybe I'd play the Barbara Stanwyck role and Jennifer Lawrence could be Fred MacMurray." He gives a happy laugh. "I'd love that."—**JOHN POWERS**



GLEESON IN A DRIES VAN NOTEN SUIT. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO.



GOMEZ IN A SANDRO SWEATER AND VERONICA BEARD PANTS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANGELO PENNETTA.

Selena GOMEZ

"People appreciate authenticity. Fans are smart, and they know the difference; they know when you're being honest and sharing who you are."

THE STEAL OF THE MONTH SUBJECT (PAGE 258) ON BEING TRUE TO HERSELF

CONTRIBUTORS>116

GLEESON: FASHION EDITOR: TONNE GOODMAN. HAIR: CHRISTIAAN. MAKEUP: YUMI LEE. MENSWEAR EDITOR: MICHAEL PHILOUZE. PRODUCED BY BJÖRN F. GERLING FOR PRODUCTION BERLIN. PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE PRAÇA PARADA LEITÃO AREA.
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JIMMY CHOO

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JANSSON AND GOODMAN AT CLUB ED MOVIE SET, LANCASTER, CA

Mikael JANSSON

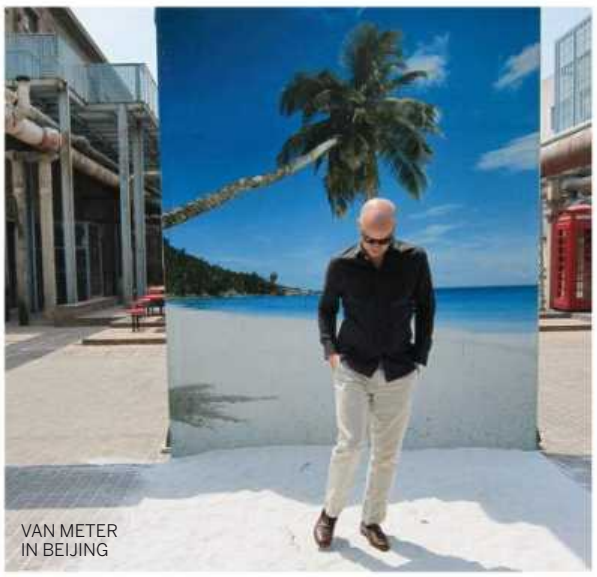
"To shoot Jennifer galloping at full speed was amazing. The challenge was to get the horse to rear. I was worried, but she was in total control on top of the big stallion."

THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON "LAYING DOWN THE LAW," PAGE 212

TONNE Goodman

"Mikael possesses an eagle eye capable of bringing even the wildest story to life. Jen is a chameleon by trade who inhabits her character with vigor. Could you dream of a more perfect match?"

THE FASHION DIRECTOR ON COLLABORATING WITH JANSSON AND LAWRENCE FOR "LAYING DOWN THE LAW," PAGE 212



VAN METER IN BEIJING

JONATHAN Van Meter

"One of my favorite moments with Jen was when her dog, Pippi, started sniffing around the stack of microcassettes I had just used to record nearly five hours of our conversations. Jen said, 'Oh, my God, what if my dog ate your homework?' "

THE CONTRIBUTING EDITOR ON HIS TIME WITH LAWRENCE FOR "LAYING DOWN THE LAW," PAGE 212

Gabriella KAREFA-JOHNSON

"The location—the Club Ed Movie Set in Lancaster, California—was like walking into the old West; the key was to make the story fresh. There's no more modern way of reinterpreting the John Wayne West than with a heroine as fierce as Jen!"

THE FASHION ASSOCIATE AND ASSISTANT TO FASHION DIRECTOR TONNE GOODMAN ON "LAYING DOWN THE LAW," PAGE 212



KAREFA-JOHNSON AT NYC'S INDUSTRIA SUPERSTUDIO

JANSSON AND GOODMAN: RICARDO D. MARTINS/COURTESY OF TONNE GOODMAN. KAREFA-JOHNSON: COURTESY OF BRENDAN BURKE/BB_PICTURES/ © INSTAGRAM. VAN METER: BEAU SAM/COURTESY OF JONATHAN VAN METER.


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A Wanderer's Heart

For writer ELIF SHAFAK, a nomadic existence always felt right. Then came marriage and motherhood.

THE STORYTELLER THE AUTHOR, PICTURED HERE IN ISTANBUL, SPLITS HER TIME BETWEEN THAT CITY AND LONDON.

I am the creation of two women: my mother and my grandmother. Both are Turkish and Muslim, and there, pretty much, the similarity ends. Though always close, and from a similar background, they could not be more different in personality, physique, and style. My mother, dark-haired, dark-eyed, and delicately built, is a diplomat (now retired); well-educated, Westernized, secular, modern, urban. She has a soft, kind heart, a great passion for music, and a tendency to panic easily. Had circumstances permitted, she would have become a professional musician, composing songs and playing oud, rather than spending years in the Turkish Foreign Ministry, where she was not the happiest, to tell the truth.

Grandma, on the other hand, is more Eastern, more traditional, more irrational, less educated. With olive-green eyes, fair skin, and facial features that hint at a mixed ethnic background, she inhabits a universe full of spirituality and superstition. She talks to invisible creatures at varying hours, interprets dreams, reads coffee cups, and every dawn sends a salute to the rising sun. She is tall, strong, wise, and brave. I have seen her chase a robber. She does not get confused easily and has a calm, balanced nature. With her inner fortitude, judiciousness, and ability to deal with surprises, she could have been at the helm of an international company, making bold and effective decisions. As contradictory to her situation as it may sound, I can see Grandma as a successful businesswoman.

I grew up observing these two women, mesmerized by their endless contrasts and conflicts. Mum got married at the tender age of nineteen. Head over heels in love with my charming and bookish father, she dropped out of university and followed him from Turkey to Strasbourg, where he was completing his Ph.D. in philosophy and where, after a year, I was born.

I know very little about their life in France during the turbulent 1970s. They and their friends were idealists who listened to Édith Piaf and believed they could change the world. I found a photo, years later: a group of young people at a house party, sipping wine and smoking, and in their midst, my father, holding a baby. Not long after, Mum made the train journey back—alone and crestfallen, without any job or money, carrying a toddler in her arms. They had separated. In this state, we arrived at Grandma's house in Ankara, Turkey.

It was a conservative, inward-looking Muslim neighborhood where a young divorcée was regarded as something akin to a potential seductress, a disrupter of the social order if not a walking scandal. At first people, especially women, tried to fix my parents' marriage, telling me I should write a sentimental letter to my father or, better yet, make a phone call and plead with him to come and make peace with my mother. I remember how these women preached, over and again, that only I could be the force to reunite them. As I listened to their tirades, I hated the ease with which they meddled in our lives.

Once they understood that my parents were not getting back together, the same neighbors started looking for a suitable husband to protect my mother's "chastity." In this sexist world it was unthinkable for a woman to choose to be alone; she needed a man to protect her from other men. Since Mum was clearly not a virgin, her value in the marital market had dropped. Her suitors were all much older UP FRONT>122

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than she. It was as if she were expected to be grateful that someone still wanted to choose her, what with her broken marriage, poor marital skills, and another man's child.

It was Grandma who intervened at this stage. Even though, as a girl, despite her protests and tears, she had not been allowed to go to high school, in her heart of hearts she was a passionate defender of women's rights and education. "My daughter will go back to university," she said firmly. "She'll start her life all over again. She'll get a diploma, a job, a career. Afterward she may always marry again, if she wants to. She will make her own choices. She will *have* choices."

When the neighbors, unsatisfied with this unusual statement, reminded her, in case she had forgotten, that Mum had a child to look after, Grandma said, "The girl is my responsibility now; I'll take care of her until her mother is ready."

And so for several years I saw Grandma as my mother, and I called my mother *abla,* which means "elder sister" in Turkish. As for my father, I didn't know where he was, and it wouldn't occur to me to start questioning his whereabouts for a long while. These early formative years of my life were full of stories, imagination, and magic. Grandma melted

I lived out of a suitcase, certain that I could stay anywhere so long as I didn't have to put down roots

lead to ward off the evil eye, burned salt in the stove to drive away bad spirits, decorated red apples with rose thorns to heal people's warts, narrated old folktales, and, in her spare time, knitted the longest scarves, as though no amount of wool could keep us warm. I watched her, transfixed.

Over time, however, I realized there was something extraordinary going on. All the families in the neighborhood were large, extended units where fathers were indisputably "the head of household" and mothers were housewives. My suspicions that my life was different from others' deepened when I started primary school. I already knew how to read, having learned from Grandma. Yet to write was trickier. I was left-handed, and the teacher told me to use only my right hand, which she said was my "good, pious hand." When she noticed that I was unwilling to hold the pencil in my right hand and would automatically switch back to old habits, she instructed me to keep my left hand under the desk at all times.

"We are going to send your left hand into exile," she said with a smile.

I had never heard that word before: *exile.* Something in me shifted forever. I did not belong there. A sense of alienation accompanied me wherever I went. Not only my left hand—my bad, sinful hand—but I myself was in perpetual exile.

In our schoolbooks, a typical Turkish family would have a mother (who cooked or cleaned), a father (who went to work or read his newspaper), and children (who played on the carpet or did homework). There were no pets in these pictures. Dogs, in particular, were disliked, as orthodox Muslims believed that one could not worship in a house with a dog. Nothing in these books corresponded with my life. I hadn't seen my father; I had no siblings (I met my two half-brothers only in my mid-20s; the older by pure chance, the younger when he came to my book signing one day); I confused my mother with an older sister; and I was very fond of puppies.

Life is not a linear progression. Fragments from the past stick to our memories and help to shape and reshape who we are today. I recall a moment at university, where I was doing a graduate degree in political science, and I have just told my boyfriend I do not love him any more. He stands up, furious, and hits the wall with all his might. While his knuckles bleed, he turns to me and says, "I'm not surprised you want to break up. You are incapable of love. You come from a broken family."

His words, like shattered glass, pierced my flesh. Even so, I was less offended than intrigued by his comment. Was it true? Did the children of well-established, conventional families build better relationships when they grew up? And if so, did people like me, coming from damaged backgrounds, eventually turn into damaged (and damaging) lovers and partners?

Seasons have come and gone since then. At different stages of my life, I have agreed and disagreed with my ex-boyfriend's bitter hypothesis. I have observed, with a critical eye, both myself and others; compared global statistics, and read research papers written on this subject. Children of divorced parents and unusual family structures are more likely to experience emotional turbulence in their own relationships and have a higher risk of going through breakups in their marriages, study after study claims. But while researchers are busy focusing on the repercussions of imperfect marriages, no one knows the extent of damage caused by a "normal" and "perfect" family, if there is such a thing. Is there a method to assess the wear and tear domestic bourgeois life inflicts upon our souls and our imagination and our creativity?

When I was eighteen years old, I decided it was time for me to rename myself. I had grown used to my first name, which is fairly common in Turkey. You shout out "Elif" in a crowd in Istanbul, and at least ten heads will turn around. Elif means "tall and lithe," like the first letter of the Ottoman alphabet. That little letter, however, had a less-known interpretation shared by mystics who spoke Arabic, Persian, Turkish and Hebrew throughout the centuries. It was "the beginning" or "the gate to the unknown." This second meaning suited me, since I was just embarking on a journey to get to know myself.

It was a different story with my surname. Having grown up without seeing my father, I didn't understand why my name should reflect his. I was also unwilling to take my husband's name, should I marry, which seemed very unlikely at the time. So I decided to baptize myself. I chose a pen name: Dawn—*shafak* in Turkish. I liked the meaning of it, the in-betweenness, the threshold between night and light. Shafak is also my mother's first name. Despite the dictates of tradition, I had decided to become matrilineal instead of patrilineal.

I began traveling with my mother at the age of eight and have lived in numerous cities and countries, first because of her job, and then due to my own itinerant spirit. Strasbourg, Ankara, Madrid, Amman, Cologne, Istanbul, Boston, Ann Arbor, Tucson, and London. Unable to settle down, always a nomad, a commuter between cultures, a storyteller with multiple cultural attachments and a fixation UP FRONT>128


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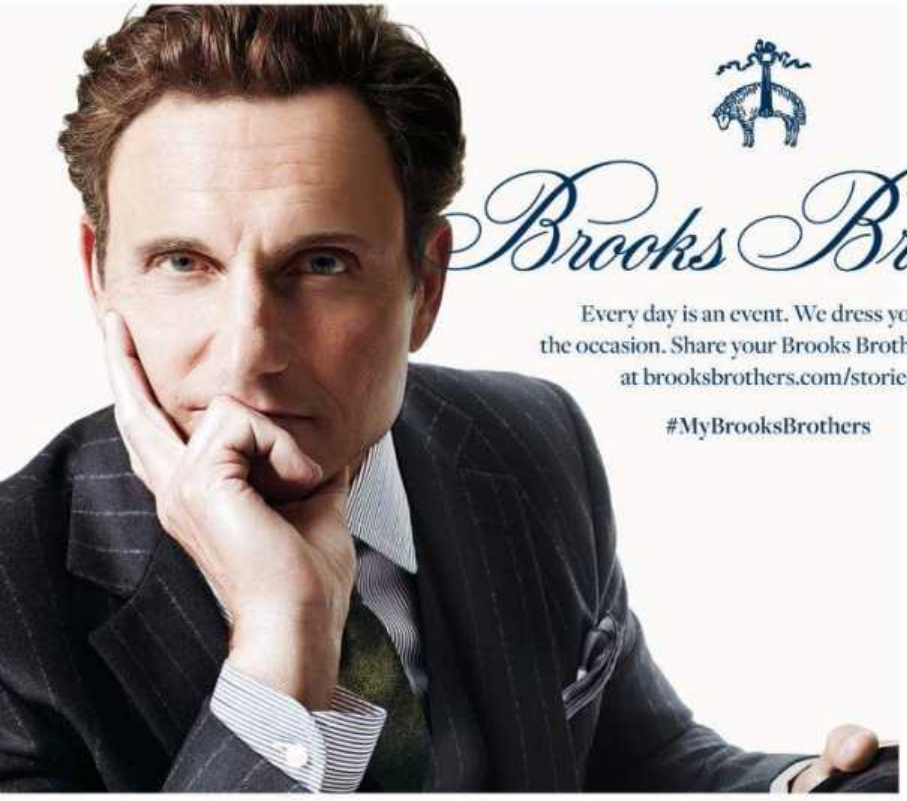
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with freedom, I was painfully aware that I was not suitable for marital life. I kept writing my novels, which gave my existence a core I otherwise lacked. I lived out of a suitcase for years—certain that I could stay anywhere and everywhere on this planet so long as I didn't have to put down roots.

I have always been fond of solitude. I have friends who go crazy if they have to spend more than a few hours alone. I have met people who jump from one relationship to another, only because they hate to be single. With me, it is pretty much the opposite. If I cannot spend at least some time alone every day, I miss myself. It may sound narcissistic, but I need to retreat into a space where I listen to and sometimes quarrel with the many voices within. Novelists work alone, just as readers need to be uninterrupted. It is through that channel of loneliness that we connect. Given my attachment to seclusion, once again, I was sure marriage and I would never coincide.

But fate loves to make us eat our words; the bigger our claims, the bigger the swallow. At the age of 34, shamefully late by Turkish standards, I got married. We tied the knot in Berlin. He was my polar opposite, though his calm and peacefulness were almost contagious. When I look back at the decisions I made then, there is only one explanation: I had fallen in love. There was no wedding ceremony, as neither of us was fond of formality. Besides, I have an aversion to the color white. For my dress, I wore black, the negation of white. It was my way of saying, "I am getting married, but I am not going to be a conventional bride." A small rebellion—juvenile, for sure, but also sincere.



PEN PALS
SHAFAK AND HER HUSBAND, EYÜP CAN, THE EDITOR IN CHIEF OF A TURKISH NEWSPAPER.

In this state we walked into the Turkish Embassy on Rungestraße. The embassy staff were a bit bewildered but most helpful. I had no witness to bring in, which became a problem. I had spotted a homeless man basking in the sun near the entrance, his head full of fleas and unfulfilled dreams. I tried to ask him if he would like to be my witness, but I spoke no German and he spoke no English. Instead I gave him money and cigarettes and he gave me a shiny golden chocolate wrapper, like the ones we used to meticulously smooth out as kids. I accepted it with pleasure. It was my first wedding gift.

Then my husband, who is a journalist, returned to Istanbul, the city he loved, and I returned to Arizona, where my travels had now taken me, to write a novel that told the story of an Armenian and a Turkish family through the eyes of women. (Later, this novel, *The Bastard of Istanbul,* would get me in trouble, and I would be prosecuted for "insulting Turkishness" and writing about genocide.) For a while we commuted between Tucson and Istanbul, two places on Earth that couldn't have been more different. It was tough, tiring, and strangely rewarding. Nothing enriches a relationship more than missing each other. But I am neither an idealist nor a romantic; there is also the danger that too much physical distance might turn couples into strangers. It is a gamble, like many things in life.

It was less marriage than motherhood that transformed me. I find it confusing when people speak of motherhood as if it were an automatic transformation, as if a woman becomes an experienced mother, touched by a magic wand, the minute she gives birth. Instead, it is a gradual process. Some of us learn faster, others slower. I experienced postpartum depression, which first shocked, then shook and shaped me. We don't know it at the time, but depressions are golden opportunities to stop what we are doing and look within. When you fall down and find all your pieces scattered around, you stop breathing for a while. The world stops breathing. Then, little by little, you start rebuilding yourself, and there is always a chance that the new construction will be better than the last. My two children took all my grandiose claims into their tiny hands and remolded my heart like the putty they are fond of playing with. Motherhood is beautiful. It has brought me closer to the women in my ancestry, the ones I have met, and others I have never even heard of.

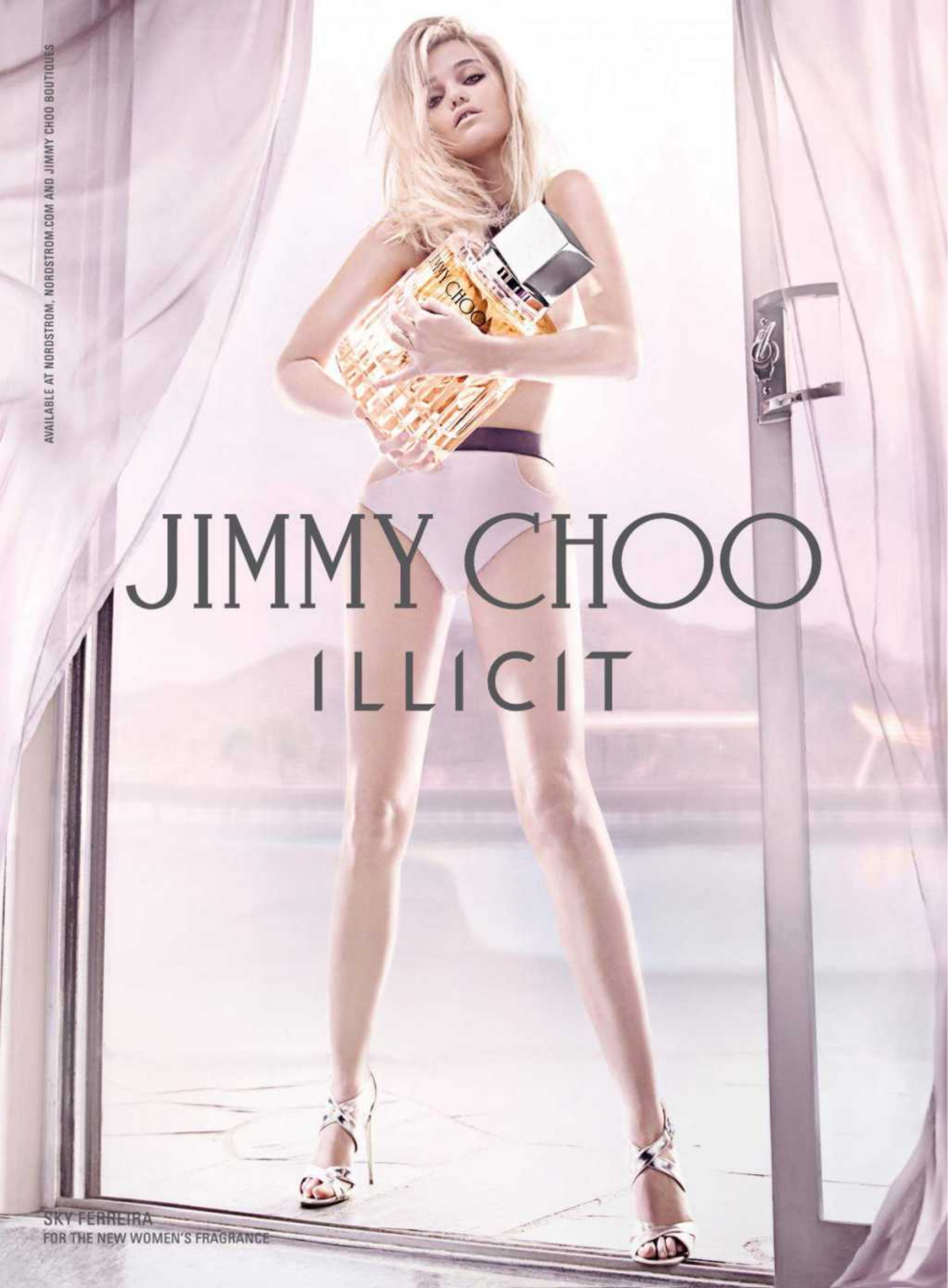
Yet, on not a single day of this marriage, which has been a fascinating journey otherwise, have I doubted that the marital institution was not really my cup of tea. I am a roamer, a drifter. I believe in portable homelands, peripatetic lifestyles. Marriage requires putting down roots, setting up a home. It loves habits, repetitions, and orderliness, all of which I find gently suffocating. As a novelist, like many authors I know, I am a self-centered creature. Marriage requires prioritizing someone else's ambitions and wishes, at least from time to time, and letting go of at least a few dreams, quietly if possible, without making a fuss. I feel like I fail on so many fronts, an impostor amid married couples, an émigrée in their land.

My only solution is living in two cities at once: London and Istanbul. I am based in London with the kids. They go to school in a multicultural, multiracial environment, which is precious to me. We spend summers in Istanbul, and my husband, meanwhile, commutes back and forth. It can be emotionally and physically challenging. The children love the arrangement, perhaps because they started this peripatetic life at an early age, but for my husband, it is harder. If being a writer and a mother and a wife are three different roles, I give my full attention to the first two but feel I am only half-present for the third. That's because when he needs me, I am not there, and, knowing this, he barely needs me. So much movement simultaneously strengthens and strains a marriage.

When people ask me, "Where is home?" I gently correct them: "homes," plural.

It has been a balancing act, this marriage across continents, at times succeeding, at times failing badly. After ten years, we are still learning, falling, standing up and dusting ourselves off. And while I have no formulas and am not sure of anything, it is worth the effort, that much I know. □

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THE AUTHOR, PHOTOGRAPHED IN NEW YORK, IS A WRITER FOR THE TRACE.

Arms and the Man

Before JENNIFER MASCIA became one of journalism's few full-time gun-policy reporters, she made a chilling discovery about her father's past.

Reports of a shooting at a community college in Oregon."

My editor is reading aloud from Twitter. In our one-room office with a view of the Empire State Building, I and the other writers and editors at The Trace—a news site dedicated to gun violence and policy—begin refreshing for updates. Reports of someone roaming a school with a gun have become common, but these episodes usually end in arrest, which is what I'm expecting when my editor speaks again. "Ten people dead at Umpqua Community College in Roseburg."

Here we go. I snap into motion and start gathering details for the stories we'll be posting over the next few hours. *Where'd he get the gun?* If he (and it's almost always a he) armed himself legally—as at least eleven perpetrators of mass shootings since 2009 have done—I want my readers to know that some mechanism along the way failed. I look up the laws in Oregon. How difficult is it to get a firearm there? What are the criteria for obtaining a permit to carry a concealed handgun? Does Oregon prohibit private sales at gun shows?

I keep my eye on Twitter, where stories about acts of heroism by victims and survivors are starting to pop up in my feed. One of the students at Umpqua, Chris Mintz, an Army veteran, was shot seven times after charging the gunman. He is photographed smiling from his hospital bed. One mother tells a reporter that her sixteen-year-old daughter, while inside the school, announced her bullet wound to friends and family via Facebook: " 'The effer shot me in the back!'—her word, not mine." It's barely a whiff of comic relief, but in the midst of all this death and chaos, a mother apologizing for her daughter's language is so normal, it almost brings me to tears.

Soon I have the gunman's name. I'll want to know if his Facebook profile is filled with hate speech. If it is, I'll snap screen grabs because Facebook will quickly take it down. Did he detail his plans on an Internet message board? Did the shooter have a criminal record? Some states let you access records online, and others insist you search at county courthouses.

Before I know it, three hours have passed and I haven't so much as gotten up to get a drink of water. I hadn't slept well the night before, but I'm not close to tired—a LIVES>132

CHRISTOPHER CHURCHILL. SITTINGS EDITOR: MARY FELLOWES. HAIR AND MAKEUP: VALERY GHERMAN FOR CHANEL. PHOTOGRAPHED AT SALVATION TACO/POD 39 ROOFTOP, NYC. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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familiar feeling in this line of work. I've covered seven massacres since 2012, and each time the emotional toll hits me only when the subway drops me off two blocks from my apartment. With each step my legs become heavier and heavier until I am practically crawling to my front door.

My colleagues and I wait for President Obama's remarks—the fifteenth time he's had to speak following a gun rampage during his presidency. "We are the only advanced country on Earth that sees these kinds of mass shootings every few months," the president says with obvious anger and emotion. "It cannot be this easy for somebody who wants to inflict harm on other people to get his or her hands on a gun."

The president is not the only one making this point. Remarkably, the gunman's father appears on CNN 48 hours later. "How on earth could he compile thirteen guns?" Ian Mercer wonders aloud to a reporter in an accent that betrays his central British roots. He looks stunned, and his voice is full of despair. "If Chris had not been able to get ahold of thirteen guns, it wouldn't have happened."

I watch this clip again and again. Family members of mass murderers usually hide from public scrutiny and anger. (How could they not *know*? we ask ourselves.) Clearly Mercer is different. Can he atone for what his son did by speaking out against firearms? It takes me two days to realize why the question resonates so powerfully with me.

When I was 22, I did some Internet digging and found out that my father had a past he kept secret from me. We were a loving family, even though we never really put down roots, moving every couple of years, and my parents didn't like me to share details of our lives with outsiders. This insularity kept the three of us uncommonly close: My mother was like a sister, a confidante with whom I battled over clothes, while my father would sing silly made-up songs as he drove me to school, making me laugh so hard I could barely breathe. I would never have suspected that when he was 26, he had shot and killed a man and served twelve years in Sing Sing prison in upstate New York. I learned that John Mascia was a petty criminal from Brooklyn, and one of the members of his drug-dealing crew, a heroin-addicted kid known as Joe Fish, was informing on him to avoid jail time. My father took Joe to a park in Brooklyn just before dawn on May 25, 1963, and shot him to death. He was arrested on his way back to Miami, where he'd just moved with his first wife and their three children.

When I confronted my mother with what I'd found, she told me the rest. It was quite a story: My parents hadn't met through friends, as they'd always said. My mother, a liberal Jewish do-gooder from Brooklyn's Manhattan Beach neighborhood, had become interested in the prison-reform movement. Along with a contingent of Quakers, she visited upstate New York prisons and talked to inmates—one of whom was my father. She said he looked like he had walked straight out of the Roman Empire, with his distinguished nose and dark, haunting eyes. He was fiercely intelligent and open to refinement. My sophisticated mother decided she could save him.

They married when he got out, in 1975, and I was born two years later. Though my father swore to my mother he'd turn his life around, he fell back into drug dealing and was arrested when I was four months old for having a handgun and cocaine in his car. He faced more prison time and insisted that the only way we could be a family was to flee. So we did, first to Houston, where he bought a mailbox franchise, and then to Irvine, California, where he started a successful carpet cleaning–and–upholstery business after reading a how-to book. We were living under assumed identities all the while—I thought my last name was Cassese—but we'd never been happier. When I was five, however, the FBI found us, and I still remember my mother ordering me to my room while the agents handcuffed my father and took him from our house. She first told me the arrest was a case of mistaken identity,

At a gun range I shot the heart out of several targets and stared through the gaping holes, horrified

and then when he was returned to prison, she admitted that he'd done *something*—but wouldn't tell me what. Within five months he was out again and we resumed our lives.

My dad had lung cancer when I discovered the truth about his past and I didn't have the heart to confront him. He died a year later. My mother died of the same disease four years after that. Two weeks before I watched her take her last breath, she confessed that Joe Fish wasn't my father's only victim. After he was released from prison and relapsed into criminality—when my mother was pregnant with me—my father shot and killed at least five others. My mother said his victims were drug dealers or clients who owed him money. She had never told anyone and never doubted her decision to stay with my father. And now, facing the end, she unburdened herself.

Suddenly, my whole childhood was revealed to be a lie. I knew my parents were irresponsible—my father always made money but spent it as soon as it came in, and everything was off the books—and I assumed their insistence on keeping certain details of our life from outsiders was some old-school Italian thing. But the truth had been far worse: I was the daughter of a killer and the woman who kept his awful secrets. How could I possibly process that?

I received a kind of answer seven years later, after the mass shooting at Sandy Hook Elementary School. That morning I was working at *The New York Times,* as the editorial assistant to one of the Op-Ed columnists, Joe Nocera. Joe usually writes about business, but as the parent of a young son, he wanted to do something to chase away those feelings of frustration that haunt so many of us after a horrific act of violence. So he gave me an assignment: Find out who gets shot every day in America. What are their stories?

What began with just a couple of entries grew into a 40-item-a-day juggernaut. Joe called it the Gun Report and ran it on his personal *Times* blog. I wrote about gang-related shootings in major cities like Chicago, Miami, and Los Angeles, and in areas in economic decline, like Detroit and Appalachia. Half of the shootings I looked into resulted from simple arguments—often fueled by alcohol—among friends, neighbors, family members, and romantic LIVES>134



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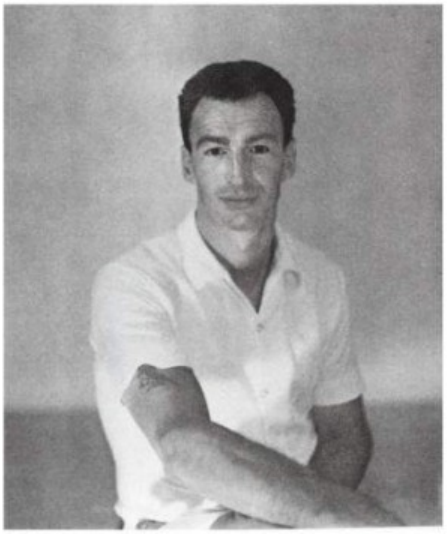
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partners. I discovered how children find loaded guns in their houses all the time and accidentally shoot themselves, their parents, their siblings. Shootings multiply on weekends and in summer. Stories of kids killed by stray bullets on the Fourth of July or Labor Day were commonplace.

The work felt like climbing a mountain, and I put in long hours. Domestic murders were the most painful to investigate. Over and over I'd be writing about a man killing his wife and their children, and I couldn't help but think of my own family, and—despite everything I'd learned—how precious my years of happiness with them had been.

I often wonder what my parents would think about my job. It so happens they both spoke harshly about the Second Amendment. I still remember them saying how it was intended for a "well-regulated militia" armed with muskets—not adolescents carrying AR-15s and Glocks. I'd like to think this meant my father came to regret what he'd done and had long ago discarded his firearms—but when my mother died, I found his .22 under her bed. I gave it to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives (ATF) to run ballistics, to see if it had been used in any crimes. To my relief, it hadn't.



IN THE FAMILY
MASCIA'S FATHER, WHO SHE LATER LEARNED HAD COMMITTED TERRIBLE CRIMES.

I'd never shot a gun until last March, when, in an effort to better understand the world I'm covering, I trekked up to Connecticut to try semiautomatic rifles that had been banned in New York. Disconcertingly, I discovered I'm an extremely good shot. I confirmed this at Manhattan's only gun range by shooting the heart out of several targets. As soon as I got outside I unfurled them and stared through the gaping holes, horrified.

At the same range I sat for a four-hour lecture on gun laws, had my photo taken, submitted fingerprints, and underwent a criminal-background check, and a couple of months later I was sent a permit to carry a concealed gun in the state of Utah—a permit that is recognized by 34 states. I wanted to see how easily this could be done. Never once during the process did I have to touch a handgun.

I've lived in Harlem for fifteen years, among people who have lost dozens of friends and family members to a bullet. South of Harlem, Manhattan is mostly untouched by gun violence. I step out of my office after a long day of reporting and writing—interviewing, say, a grieving mother who describes her daughter dying in her arms—and the well-dressed crowds strike me as so vibrant and *unfettered*.

When I started writing the Gun Report, the domestic gun murders would get me choked up. But after I left *The New York Times* for The Trace, the horror—and the apathy it seems to inspire on the part of our lawmakers—became familiar, and soon it faded into the background. It's still there, like a distant bell, and sometimes I find I have to spend all of Saturday asleep to recover. And then on the subway Monday morning, I routinely imagine a disaffected loner emerging from the crowd and opening fire.

Given the amount of gun violence in this country, it's a little amazing that major news organizations still don't have established beats dedicated to the subject. Some devote resources to special investigations, pitched by veteran reporters with enough clout to cover the topics they want. Here at The Trace, which is funded by former New York mayor Michael Bloomberg's nonprofit Everytown for Gun Safety, my colleagues and I don't have to be pulled off a shooting story to cover a budget crisis. Our laser-like focus is nothing less than necessary.

Because this is what we're up against: There is no government database with the specifics and circumstances of gun deaths and injuries. Access to criminal and gun-permitting records varies wildly state by state—and sometimes county by county. Because of political pressure, Centers for Disease Control and Prevention research into gun violence has been frozen for nineteen years, and because of a law pushed by the gun lobby, the ATF can't release gun-trace data to anyone but law enforcement. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is legally obliged to destroy all approved gun-purchaser records within 24 hours. If you think this makes our lives harder, imagine the frustration police, prosecutors, federal agents, and lawmakers must feel.

Little by little, data on gun violence, so long politicized and repressed, are finding their way into the public domain. There's the six-month-old site I work for, with its mandate to inform the public about firearm injury and death. Other journalists have started their own independent outlets, and amateur statisticians have taken to Reddit, redefining how we count multiple-victim shootings. Numbers I can rattle off—more than 33,000 killed by a gun each year, or 92 a day—are now being echoed by President Obama and Hillary Clinton, who has recently put forward bold gun-control proposals.

In the meantime, the violence continues. Days after the Umpqua shooting, a gun-obsessed freshman at Northern Arizona University shot four Delta Chi fraternity brothers, one fatally. Later that morning, a freshman at Texas Southern University was killed and another was wounded after an argument at an apartment near campus—the second shooting at the school that week. As the toll mounts, it takes more and more to truly rattle me. The last time I was stopped in my tracks was when Alison Parker and Adam Ward, a news-reporting team from Virginia, were murdered on live television by their former co-worker—who Tweeted his own footage. It was horrifying, the way the shooter's Glock came into the frame, then retreated before firing fifteen shots in rapid succession. These are journalists, I kept thinking. My people. I gave in to tears, but only for a minute. I had work to do. □

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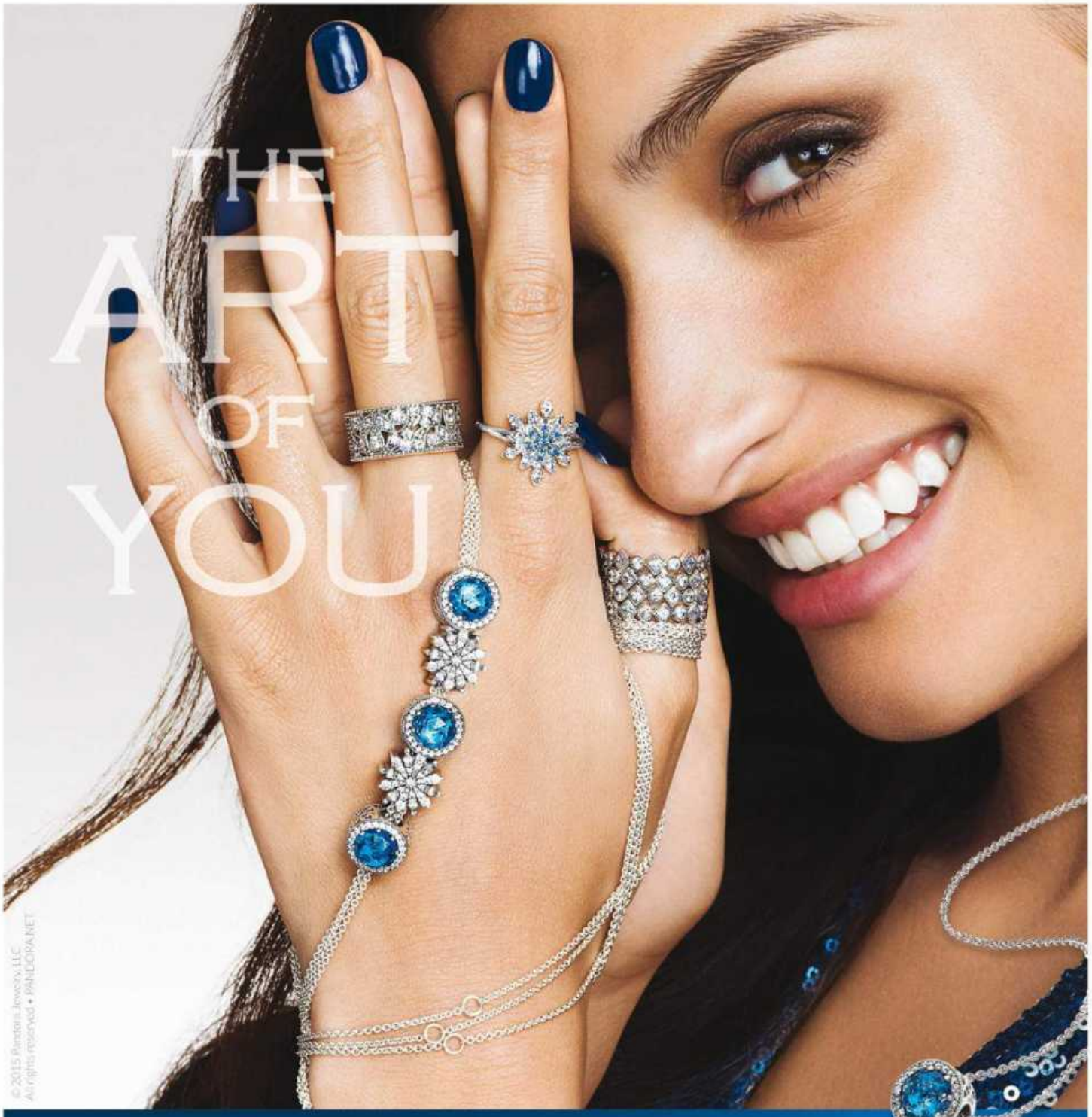
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My Mentor, My Self

Nicole Kidman sent her regrets, but when a sparky redhead named Anna spoke at North Sydney Girls High School, CERIDWEN DOVEY **was bedazzled.**

The first time I set eyes on Anna Donald, she was wearing a power suit, sitting cross-legged on the desk at the front of my classroom. Her red hair was cut in an unruly bob, and she was talking enthusiastically about her trajectory from Australian Rhodes Scholar to doctor-epidemiologist at a major London university. I was eighteen, in my last year of high school at North Sydney Girls, which Anna had attended fifteen years earlier, around the same time as Nicole Kidman. I'd invited Anna to speak to us and mentioned on the phone that we'd almost managed to get Nicole herself to give a talk. (I'd laminated the letter of regret Nicole sent, on glamorous stationery.) Anna told me that she and Nicole were sometimes mistaken for sisters at school and made a self-deprecating joke about being the "ugly red duckling" to Kidman's "white swan."

But Anna was beautiful too, and radiated energy. She spoke fast, with an endearing habit of half-closing her eyes. She told us to do exactly what we wanted with our lives, threw her head back, and laughed wickedly. Every girl in that room was transfixed. It wasn't a posh school, but still: For her to be sitting on our teacher's desk with her feet tucked beneath her, exhorting us to be bold, was thrilling. Afterward, I approached her shyly and explained I was moving to London at the end of the year. She immediately said she'd help me find a job there.

The night I arrived in London, alone and terrified, I slept on the couch in a friend of a friend's flat. Someone gave me the number for a landlord of several illegal sublets in Wembley. "Rent in cash, up front, seven people to a room," he said gruffly when I called. I had enough saved from my Sydney waitressing job to last a month.

At Wyld Way, there were 20 people—all Aussies, Kiwis, and Saffas, as the colonial terminology goes—living in a three-bedroom house with a tiny kitchen and one filthy bathroom. I called Anna from the pay phone in the hallway downstairs, thinking she would have no clue who I was. But she invited me to come to the university the next day.

In the morning, hoping to save on tube fare, I set off to walk to Russell Square. About three hours later, defeated and freezing, I got on the tube somewhere near central London. Outside Anna's office, I almost NOSTALGIA>142

STILL LIFE: JOHN MANNO


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burst into tears when she gave me a hug hello. She swept me off to lunch, ordering huge bowls of steaming pasta. While I ate as if I would never see food again, she said she'd arranged for me to work part-time for her. She seemed like a young and vibrant fairy godmother, and I was determined not to let her down.

The job consisted, as many first jobs do, of repetitive tasks: typing transcripts, cataloging medical articles. The articles made little sense to me, but Anna's mission—to enable doctors everywhere in the world to practice evidence-based medicine—was inspiring. I ate Sainsbury's rice pudding for lunch at my desk, and my wrists ached from touch-typing, but I was grateful to have avoided the fate of others in my share house, who had signed up as paid subjects of medical experiments. One of the Aussies had agreed to have his baby toe repeatedly cut off and reattached—until, inevitably, one of the surgeons stuffed up the surgery, and he was left without his toe (this was hilarious to all of us, though rather less so to him).

I often felt as if I were lurching between two identities, arriving at work dressed like a responsible adult, hungover from

She seemed like a young and vibrant fairy godmother, and I was determined not to let her down

teenage drinking. Anna kindly let me house-sit whenever she and her boyfriend were away, with the unspoken agreement that I would do a full clean of the flat in return. Once her boyfriend came home early and seemed surprised to find me scrubbing the shower tiles. Their life together fascinated me; I was always looking for clues to how adult relationships worked. They liked to run on the treadmills at the gym together and go to the late show at the cinema after a dinner of chicken boiled with Chinese spices, Anna's specialty.

Anna turned 33 that year, and I organized a surprise party. It was early spring, and I made her carry a bunch of balloons to Regent's Park, where we shared a bottle of wine beside the daffodils. Friends were waiting at her favorite restaurant nearby, and afterward, we had ice-cream cake at her apartment and danced barefoot on the carpet. I thought I might faint from happiness.

At rare moments, I sensed that Anna's mentorship of me could be exhausting for her. At a conference in Stockholm, she suggested one day after lunch that I explore the city. Mid-afternoon, I returned guiltily to our shared hotel room for a nap, to discover her asleep in the bed. I quietly snuck back out, suddenly understanding she had needed an afternoon to herself. On our last night, Anna was going to stay with friends, and I was heading to a youth hostel when she mentioned a distant colleague of hers had offered me a hotel room he didn't need. I was getting dressed in the room after a bath when the door clicked and opened. This man—a complete stranger to me—came inside, and said that in fact he *would* be staying in the room that night, but I could stay there too. It was late, and the youth hostel was on the city outskirts, but I cannot now understand why I didn't immediately leave.

I got into one side of the double bed. He got into the other. And then—miraculously, terrifyingly—I simply fell asleep. In the middle of the night he rolled over against my back, but nothing else happened. I left very early and met Anna at the airport, feeling ashamed. I didn't tell her that the man had shown up, and she seemed confused as to why I hadn't enjoyed my night alone in a fancy hotel. We were both silent on the trip back.

A few months later, I said a tearful farewell to Anna and flew to Boston with a single suitcase to start my freshman year at college. That spring, Anna came over for a conference, and I invited her to stay in my dorm room. I spent the night in my new boyfriend's room, and we accidentally slept in. By the time I got back, Anna was dressed and ready to leave, looking hurt that I had not prioritized our time together. I felt terrible and sensed for the first time the awkwardness of the age gap between us: She was 34, I was nineteen, and I'd deserted her in a dorm. We never spoke again of that visit, but I suspect it was painful for her to see me making the necessary mistakes of youth. For me, it was the beginning of a dimly felt awareness that I was ready to participate in, not just observe, adult life.

I saw Anna maybe ten more times in the next seven years, with long gaps in between. I visited her whenever I was in London, always flooded with well-being in her presence. I met her new husband (and noted privately how girlishly happy she was around him) and followed her brilliant career with interest, just as she encouraged me constantly in mine.

And then, one day, she sent an email to me in New York, saying that the breast cancer that she thought had been dispatched a few years earlier had spread throughout her body. She and her husband moved to Sydney soon after her chemotherapy treatment ended, and she sent me a moving photograph of their reflections in a metallic sculpture above the sea at Bondi. With her usual curiosity and determination, Anna began to blog about her experience for the *British Medical Journal,* chronicling everything from the most basic physical consequences of cancer to the mystical experience of facing death directly.

A writer and social scientist, I'm now the same age as Anna was when she first took me under her wing. I live around the corner from the hospital where she died surrounded by her family. Recently, I was invited to give a career talk to some girls from our old high school. They told me that they too had been in touch with Nicole Kidman. I remembered the excitement of corresponding with our school's most famous alumna, then thought of how that small twist of fate—Anna speaking to us instead of Nicole—had given me the gift of my relationship with Anna, and my first inkling of what life as an engaged, intelligent, fulfilled woman could look like.

The talk was held in the same classroom where I first met Anna. I sat cross-legged on the desk. "Don't be afraid to do exactly what you want with your life," I heard myself say, echoing her words. Afterward, one of the girls approached me shyly, asking for advice on how to become a writer. She seemed so very young, so green in the ways of the world—and yet, like Anna had with me all those years ago, I offered to help her find her way. □


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FLASH

EDITOR: CHLOE MALLE

IT GIRL

Kelela

For a Washington, D.C., native who lives in L.A. but, at the moment, works in London, **Kelela** knows her way around a Canadian tuxedo. Exhibit A: the Louis Vuitton raw-denim ensemble she wore to the house's October show, which she took in from the front row as a guest of **Nicolas Ghesquière.** "I don't have a huge social-media presence, so I know it wasn't a PR thing," Kelela says of the invitation. "It felt genuine in terms of his interest and respect." It's a sentiment that echoes the palpable sense of authenticity throughout the season's collections.

Today Kelela has again opted for denim-on-denim to meet over beet juice ("with extra, extra ginger") at a café in Hackney, pairing a distressed jean jacket with matching dungarees and a gray sweatshirt, upon which rests a silver box chain. Already a critical darling thanks to her *Cut 4 Me* mix tape and a recent EP, *Hallucinogen,* the singer is working at a nearby studio on a full-length release due out next year. As for her particular sound, she bristled at the label "PBR&B"—the hipster portmanteau of PBR beer and R&B popular with certain music journalists—during a recent panel discussion at the New Yorker Festival, preferring instead to associate herself more directly with the traditions of jazz music. "I look for sounds with a visceral reaction," she says. "Over time, you will see that Kelela doesn't do one kind of thing. She does her own take on everything."—**MARK GUIDUCCI**



PHIL OH

MOOD INDIGO
KELELA, WEARING LOUIS VUITTON, ARRIVING AT THE DESIGNER'S SPRING 2016 SHOW.

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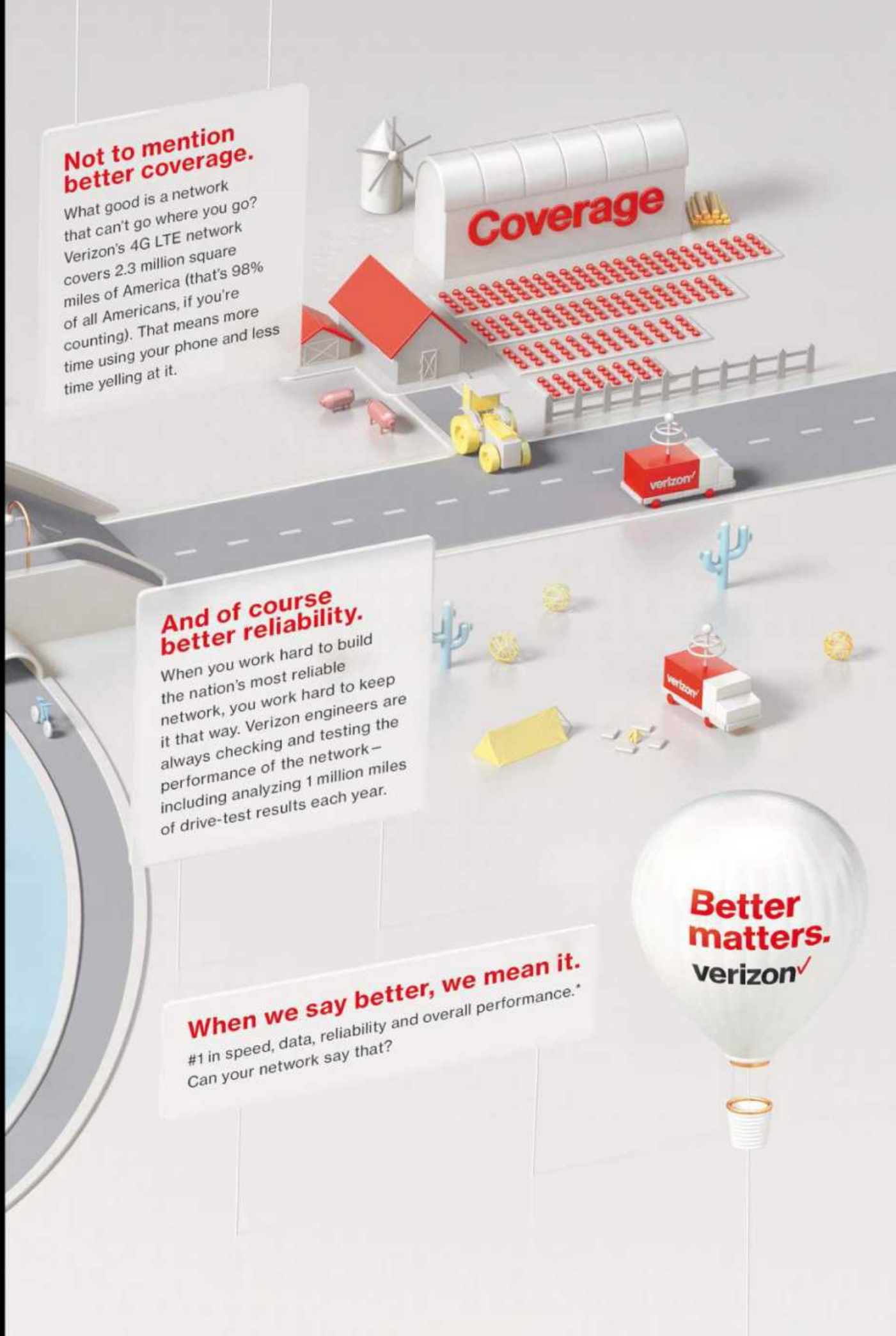
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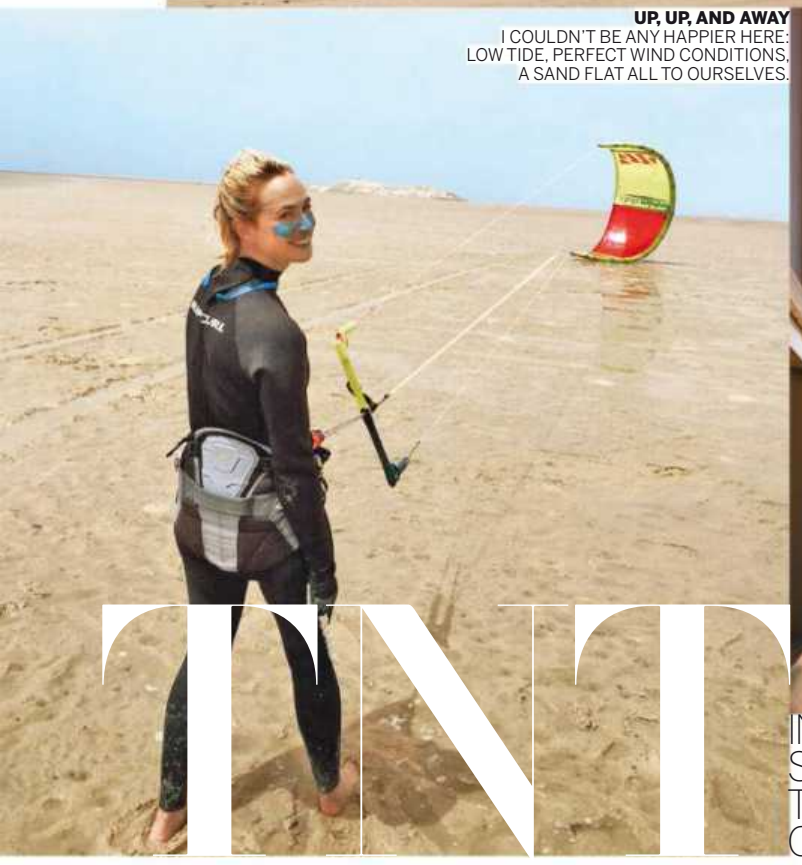
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TNT

IN PURSUIT OF PERFECT KITE-SURFING CONDITIONS, ELISABETH TNT DISCOVERS A MOROCCAN OASIS UNTOUCHED BY TIME.

Casablanca has a good ring to it, doesn't it? It conjures images of a smoky bar and a moody Bogart. For me, though, the reality is a crummy airport lounge, where my brother and I are waiting to board a flight to Dakhla. Whatever, details! A few hours later I'm peering through an airplane window at the setting sun lighting up the pale desert and glittering Atlantic Ocean. A friendly Moroccan next to me says, "The water shines silver here because it's full of fish."

I hadn't quite fathomed how far south we were headed, but it turns out Dakhla is on a tiny peninsula, deep into Morocco's Western Sahara region, not far from the border with Mauritania. The remoteness makes the destination seem romantic, but the real reason we have chosen this spot is wind. My brother and I are both pretty obsessed kite surfers and, descending the airplane stairs onto a small tarmac runway, we are greeted by such an enthusiastic breeze that I have to grip the railing not to get blown away.

The next morning I peer out of the little eco-lodge cabin we're staying in and get the full picture: towering sand dunes, a few funky-shaped cacti, a royal-blue sky. The wind is wide awake as I sip my coffee in the glistening morning light. Colorful kites fly high in the sky; a wide golden beach leading to a turquoise lagoon is scattered with students and instructors.

If kite surfing is what you are after, this is your El Dorado. There is even a resident triple world FLASH>156

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champion turned instructor if you really want to get serious, and best of all she is a woman! Kirsty Jones helps me develop my skills quite a bit. Moreover, I sigh with relief to have found someone, amid all the macho kite-surfing energy, to talk to. We discuss sun protection that doesn't wash off, cute wetsuits, and the fact that drawstring bikinis aren't good for kiting. Kirsty also practices yoga every morning, and my brother and I eagerly join in, stretching our sore muscles in the hope of some relief.

We are constantly reminded that this is a radical sport. Several guests at the eco lodge are on crutches, while others nurse various bandaged extremities. Watching some of the instructors, acrobatic local boys from the coastal city of Essaouira, over my head in demonstration. Day four and my brother and I are all aches and pains, my upper core is on violent strike, and my brother is worried about a hernia. Nevertheless, nothing can keep us off our boards. We take excursions along the coast where we kite downwind, spotting a huge turtle one day, flying fish the next, and the biggest highlight, a whole family of dolphins gracefully diving just meters from us. One day we arrive at a perfect white sand flat with the clearest blue water, and we race up and down to our heart's content. On another we take a long run to an oyster cove, pack up our kites, and sit down at a simple shack where we're served platters and platters of the freshest oysters straight from the ocean. Some days I kite way past



HAT TRICK
RIGHT: A TRUCK HEADING TO THE LAGOON CARRYING PADDLEBOARDS AND KITES. LEFT: A POST-PADDLEBOARD SELFIE.



FLAMINGO ROAD
THE WILDLIFE AROUND THE PENINSULA WAS SPECTACULAR: DOLPHINS, TURTLES, AND, ABOVE, A FLOCK OF PINK FLAMINGOS.

I'm inspired to try some jumps. Don't be fooled: Even basic jumps are hard. The technique sounds straightforward, but try putting it all together. You speed over choppy water on a tiny board, wind tugging at you, maintaining perfect tension on the lines, riding the edge of your board with all your might, and then you "send the kite" with conviction, hard and far but not too hard, nor too far, popping your board (or not popping it). . . . There is a lot to learn. But get it right and gently lift a good few meters into the air: This is hands down the most ecstatic experience I've ever had.

I'm kept on my toes watching my instructors jolt up like rockets in the lagoon's shallowest spots or sometimes leap sunset, the sun slowly kissing the dunes goodnight and the moon taking its place.

The experience at our lodge is simple and pared down. There is not much contact with the outside world, and at times the solitude is intimidating—but after a few days the place's mantra, "No time, no news, no shoes," has us both under its spell. I take a hot shower of sulfurous water from a natural geyser after a long day on the board, my hair and skin feeling more hydrated than ever, and wonder: What more could I possibly want? At night the sky is lit up with stars and a full moon, no city lights, no noise—just the howling wind and the ocean. □

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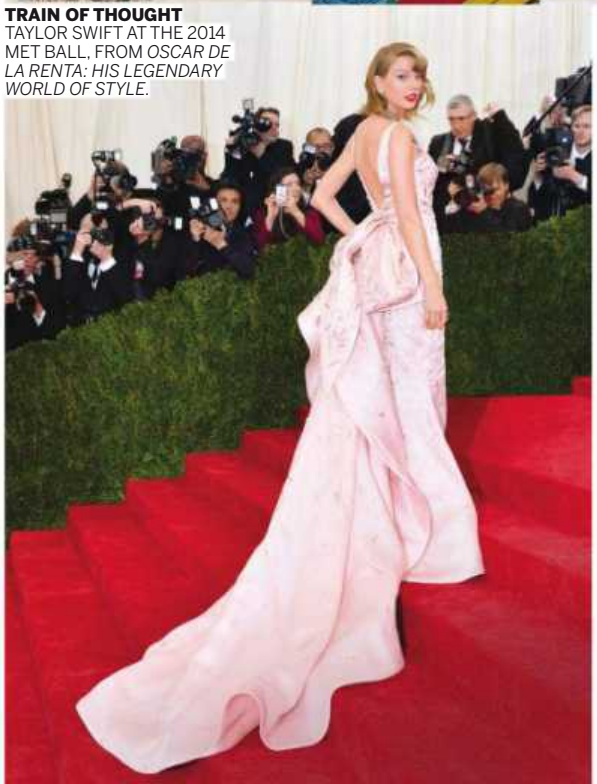
Page Masters



THE PERFECT PILE
AN IMAGE FROM *THE PRIVATE GARDENS OF ENGLAND*. BELOW, FROM LEFT: *REVOLUTION*, *THE TALE OF GENJI*, AND *OYSTER*.



TRAIN OF THOUGHT
TAYLOR SWIFT AT THE 2014 MET BALL, FROM *OSCAR DE LA RENTA: HIS LEGENDARY WORLD OF STYLE*.



Conjuring a half century of American chic, **Oscar de la Renta: His Legendary World of Style** (Skira), by André Leon Talley, offers a tour of iconic dresses and the women who wore them: Beyoncé in cloudlike silk, Hillary Clinton in a scarlet column. In Mark Holborn's **Beaton Photographs** (Abrams), you'll find portraits (of a shy young Garbo at the Plaza, say) that presaged a new age of celebrity culture. Collectors will appreciate the magazine illustrations in **Fashion Plates: 150 Years of Style** (Yale), by April Calahan, from panniers to Patou.

Interior decorator Jeffrey Bilhuber's **American Master: Notes on Style and Substance** (Rizzoli) is sure to please spring renovators, while the horticulturally inclined will treasure Tania Compton's **The Private Gardens of England** (Constable). This season's must-have cookbooks come from an L.A. hot spot and a beloved East London bakery: **Gjelina: Cooking from Venice, California** (Chronicle Books) and Claire Ptak's **The Violet Bakery Cookbook** (Ten Speed Press), with a foreword by Alice Waters. And just in time for New Year's, Drew Smith's **Oyster: A Gastronomic History** (Abrams) traces the briny bivalve's enduring allure.

Get inspired by the profiles in courage and compassion in *New Yorker* writer Larissa MacFarquhar's **Strangers Drowning: Grappling with Impossible Idealism, Drastic Choices, and the Overpowering Urge to Help** (Penguin Press). A new translation of Murasaki Shikibu's classic of medieval Japanese court life, **The Tale of Genji** (Norton), makes an elegant stocking stuffer, as does Hannah Rothschild's first novel, **The Improbability of Love** (Knopf), which features a lost masterpiece by Watteau—and plenty of skulduggery. For the 007 in your life, **The Man with the Golden Typewriter** (Bloomsbury) is a collection of Ian Fleming's letters edited by his nephew, while Truman Capote's **Brooklyn: A Personal Memoir, with the Lost Photographs of David Attie** (The Little Bookroom) captures the pre-hipster borough.

History buffs of all ages will enjoy **Revolution: Mapping the Road to American Independence, 1755–1783** (Norton), by Richard H. Brown and Paul E. Cohen, crammed with dazzling large-format cartography. For any young person, Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's **We Should All Be Feminists** (Anchor) is a pocket-size version of her rousing TEDx talk. And for the patriot in all of us, the **Hillary Rodham Clinton Presidential Playset** (Quirk Books), with paper dolls of Clinton and her White House friends (including Bill, with a lawn mower) and a pop-up Oval Office, is just the thing to help usher in an election year.—**MEGAN O'GRADY**

GARDEN: ANDREW LAWSON. *REVOLUTION*: COURTESY OF W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC. SWIFT: © ANDREW H. WALKER/GETTY IMAGES. ALL OTHERS: JOHN MANNO.

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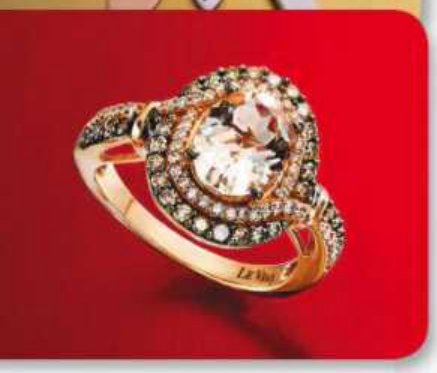


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the hamish files



MISE EN SCÈNE
YOURS TRULY BESIDE THE DELPHINIUM MOUNTAIN BY FLORIST ERIC CHAUVIN AT THE LOUVRE FOR DIOR'S SPRING 2016 SHOW.

STATE of the Arts

In between the spring 2016 collections in London, Milan, and Paris, I attempted to catch up on a few museum exhibitions. In London, these included the epic and shattering **"Ai Weiwei,"** which takes full advantage of the stately galleries at the Royal Academy to showcase the artist's superbly crafted works (open through December 13). In Milan, though, the mood changed at the Villa Reale with **"Bellissima: Italy and High Fashion 1945–1968"** (through January 10), curated by *W*'s Stefano Tonchi with Maria Luisa Frisa and Anna Mattirolo and delving into the art and fashion collaborations (Mila Schön's 1969 coat slashed like a Fontana canvas; a 1959 Capucci dress that echoes a Paolo Scheggi) that helped to shape the uniquely Italian style in fashion, fabric, and jewelry that emerged from the devastation of World War II.

At the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, **"Splendour and Misery: Pictures of Prostitution, 1850–1910"** (through January 17) is an exhaustive study of the subject that inspired masterpieces by Toulouse-Lautrec, Manet, Degas, and Picasso (and lesser-known fascinations by such artists as Béraud, Boldini, Forain, Tissot, and Guys). The grand courtesan Madame Valtesse de la Bigne appears in a stately portrait by Henri Gervex as a simpering blonde in her pale ruffles and parasol—though her elegant silver walking stick concealed a cat-o'-nine-tails—and the local police commissioner's log on display records, in elaborate copperplate handwriting, scrupulous details of her romantic activities. The exhibition is evocatively installed by opera director Robert Carsen in a series of rooms as labyrinthine as a *maison close,* painted or upholstered in sixteen different shades of red.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
ELISABETH LOUISE VIGÉE LE BRUN'S FIRST PORTRAIT OF THE DOOMED MARIE ANTOINETTE IN 1778 (INCLUDED IN THE RETROSPECTIVE) SECURED THE ARTIST'S REPUTATION.

Meanwhile, Paris's Grand Palais celebrates the beauteous and ambitious Elisabeth Vigée Le Brun, who fought sexism and professional jealousy to triumph as Marie Antoinette's official court portraitist. Luckily, Le Brun fled her country moments before the revolutionary tumbrels rolled in and was welcomed at the royal courts of Europe and Russia, where her signature tropes (thoughtful beauties scrutinize books or sheets of music, while fashionable airheads gaze dreamily into the distance) enhanced her fame and fortune before she finally returned home to further success—including documenting Napoleon's sister Caroline. (The exhibition, **"Elisabeth Louise Vigée Le Brun, 1755–1842,"** at the Grand Palais until January 11, travels to The Metropolitan Museum of Art from February to May.)—**HAMISH BOWLES**

BOWLES: MATTEO PRANDONI/BFA/SIPA USA/NEWSCOM. MARIE ANTOINETTE: ELISABETH LOUISE VIGÉE LE BRUN, *MARIE-ANTOINETTE EN GRAND HABIT DE COUR*, 1778. OIL ON CANVAS; 273 X 193.5 CM. © KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA. PHOTO BY HAMISH BOWLES. DE RIBES: PATRICK LICHFIELD/CONDÉ NAST ARCHIVE.



GOING Out in STYLE

For more than two decades the droll, scholarly Harold Koda has led the Costume Institute of The Metropolitan Museum of Art to ever greater acclaim. His captivating exhibitions on fashion's greats—Paul Poiret, Gabrielle Chanel, Christian Dior, Charles James, and Miuccia Prada and Elsa Schiaparelli among them—have encouraged reappraisals of their respective contributions, while his thematic shows exploring everything from underwear to mourning garb have also, in turn, inspired today's designers. For his swan song, Koda, having already celebrated the very different styles of clothes-worshippers Diana Vreeland, Nan Kempner, and Iris Apfel, celebrates the irreproachable Parisian chic of the Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes, whom *Vogue* has applauded through the decades: "Her fashion personality is vivid, unstatic, exciting," noted the magazine in 1959. "She has tremendous daring about clothes, a keen sense of fashion-drama that never slides over into theatrics." (**"Jacqueline de Ribes: The Art of Style"** opens on November 19.)—**H.B.**

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POWER COUPLE ROUSTEING, WITH MUSE KENDALL JENNER. JENNER WEARS A BALMAIN SUEDE DRESS; BALMAIN, NYC. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

Empire STATE

ON THE EVE OF OPENING BALMAIN'S NEW YORK FLAGSHIP, OLIVIER ROUSTEING HITS THE TOWN WITH LYNN YAEGER.

Ooh, look, it's Balmain!" shrieks a person, whose gender it is impossible to discern in the dark, at the GMHC Latex Ball. Despite the lack of light, the fan insists on a selfie with Olivier Rousteing, and the creative director of Balmain—on a flying visit to his beloved Manhattan from his home in Paris—is happy to oblige.

Rousteing, 30, is in town in anticipation of two major brand-building events. There is the imminent opening of the new Balmain boutique in the U.S., being erected in the heart of SoHo. Designed by Studio KO, the team responsible for London's Chiltern Firehouse, the shop is meant to evoke an imaginary pied-à-terre that might have belonged to Pierre Balmain, down to the mid-century-modern French furniture. And at the VIEW>170

KACPER KASPRZYK. FASHION EDITOR: EMMA ELWICK-BATES. HAIR, CHRISTIAN EBERHARD; MAKEUP, BENJAMIN PUCKEY. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE INTERCONTINENTAL LE GRAND HOTEL PARIS.





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other end of the spectrum—but maybe not!—there's the just-launched Balmain x H&M collaboration, which offers the designer's cool, sexed-up vision at extremely reasonable prices.

GMHC's voguing ball is just one of our stops in a whirlwind tour of Rousteing's favorite New York haunts. He has been known to enjoy brunch at the Odeon the morning after a late night; less predictably, he has been spotted at least once agape at the offerings at the Toys "R" Us in Times Square. At the Soho Grand, where he is staying this time around, his leather-clad bottom slinks easily into a plush chair in the lounge as he muses on the differences between Paris and Manhattan. "In Paris, it seems like everyone worries all the time about 'What is French?' Who cares? Here in New York City it's so global. Something interesting is happening in America—it's about mixing and diversity; it's about confidence. No matter who you are, be yourself—America will love you for that!" And there is another reason he likes the U.S. so much: "I am like a machine—I want to make money! In New York, it's a compliment to make money; in France, they think you're commercial and cheap."

Asked if he would like to bring someone to the ball, he texts two friends—Rihanna and Justin Bieber—but alas, neither of them is in town. Doesn't he know any normal people? "Those are my friends! They are!" he insists. And it's true: These two and many other boldfaced names, including most predominantly the expansive Kardashian clan, make frequent appearances in Rousteing's famous Instagram. The designer wunderkind is a genius at manipulating social media—a revolutionary turn of events for an old-school French house—and has nearly a million and a half followers.

In the car up to Harlem, where we are having dinner at the Red Rooster, I implore him to turn the music down (I'm old! I can't hear you!). He complies but tells me, "I couldn't do fashion without music—I couldn't sketch! I love Rihanna—'Bitch Better Have My Money!'—and also Ruby Rose, Beyoncé, Jason Derulo, Britney Spears. . . . "

Sitting outside on Malcolm X Boulevard, sharing a fried yardbird, he is mesmerized by the passing scene. The street action is nothing at all like the languid splendor that delights the Parisian flaneur: Buses are belching, music is blasting from a thousand car radios, guys are popping wheelies, big girls are prancing by in skintight ensembles. Rousteing finds it all astonishing and wonderful. "I love the vibe—the ethnicity, the street, pushing the boundaries. Fashion can help to push the system, too—all the good art is political. Fashion should also be kind of disturbing." A selfie-seeker interrupts the meal, which only makes Rousteing happier. "I've become a figure for a lot of people, and I'm really proud."

Though it is near midnight when we arrive at the ball, things are just getting started on the hyperactive stage—James Brown–worthy velvet capes! Mickey Mouse pants! Spangled masks! We decide to return later and head for PrettyUgly, a Saturday-night party in the Diamond Horseshoe, in the bowels of the Paramount Hotel. Among the inebriated club kids, the cast of characters tonight includes Nicolas Ghesquière and Jarvis Derrell, the guy behind the cult Tumblr blog She Has Had It.

More selfies! More attention! Rousteing is clearly in his element. Does he ever get tired of his fans and long for a bit of peace and quiet? You must be nuts. "Being popular is cool, being generous is cool—I love generosity! I plan to be proud and satisfied. I was the Balmain baby. Now Balmain is my baby." □

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A DAY IN THE LIFE: Olivier's 24 hours in NYC





TRIBECA
BRUNCH AT THE ODEON.



HARLEM
DINNER AT THE RED ROOSTER.

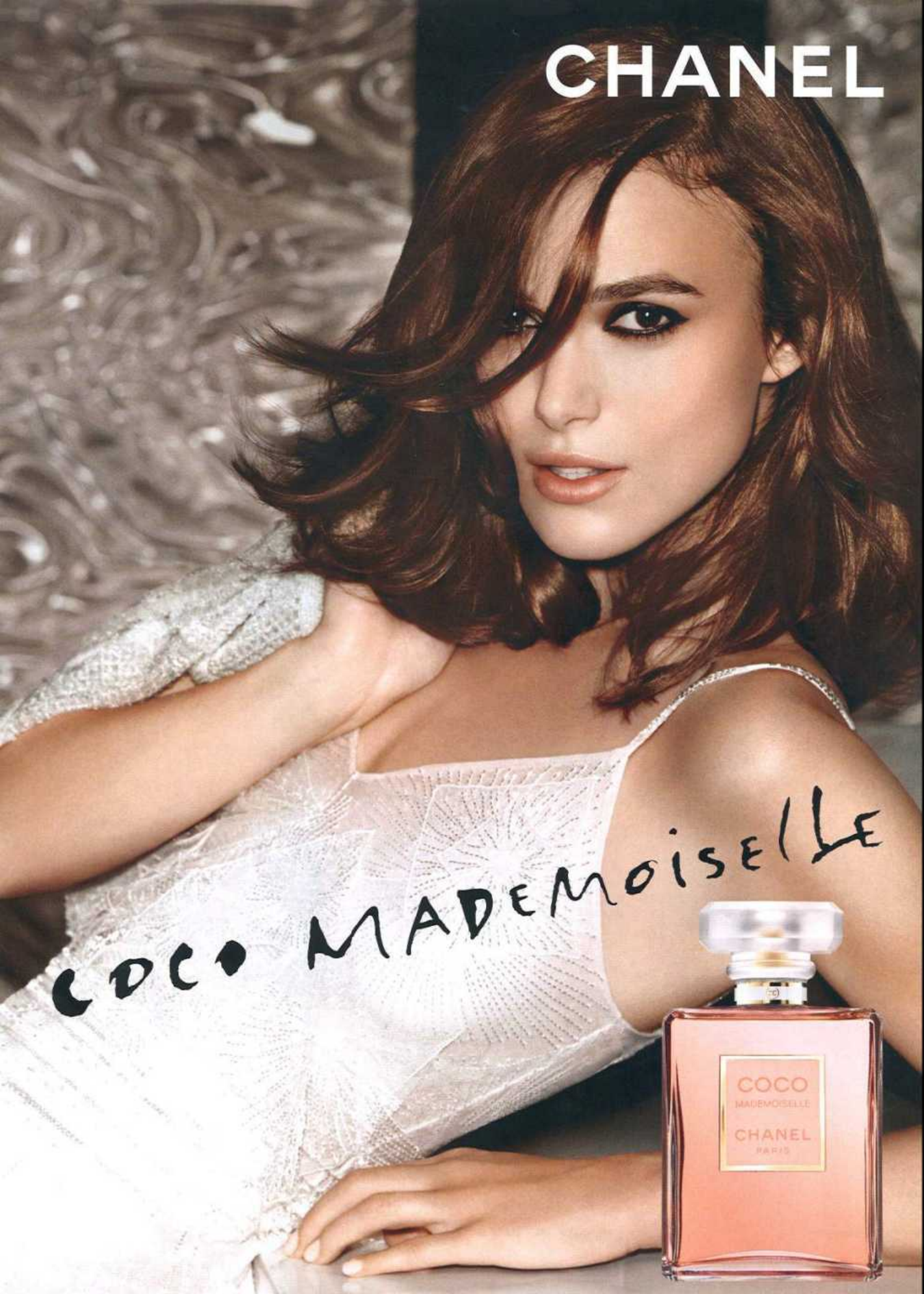


HELL'S KITCHEN
THE LATEX BALL.



TIMES SQUARE
THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE.

SELFIE: OLIVIER ROUSTEING. ODEON: COURTESY OF THE ODEON. RED ROOSTER: PAUL BRISSMAN/COURTESY OF RED ROOSTER. LATEX BALL: ANJA MATTHES. STAGE: COURTESY OF QUEENOFTHENIGHT/ © INSTAGRAM.


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Crown JEWELS

EMMA ELWICK-BATES TAKES THE NEW HAIR ACCESSORIES OUT TO LUNCH—AND TO 10 DOWNING STREET.

Saint Laurent grunge tiara to be worn with anything." The GIF twinkles in my Twitter feed before the third model has even stomped through the Carreau du Temple at Hedi Slimane's show in October. Indeed—tiaras are seen bouncing atop everything from biker jackets to bias-cut slips. "It all reminds me of discovering Nirvana," says model and actress Agyness Deyn, whose runway return at Saint Laurent was crowned with a trash-chic diamanté tiara.

Despite a designer friend once dubbing me La Dauphine, I consider myself to be relatively low-maintenance. Still, the array of gleaming hair jewels at the spring collections was inspiring Marie Antoinette levels of twitchiness. Even before Saint Laurent, the New York shows featured Rodarte's ethereal barrettes and Marc Jacobs's rhinestone-and-pearl hair accessories, the latter harking back to the slides from his infamous Perry Ellis spring 1993 grunge collection. In all their guises, the new hair accessories came dotted through rather unspecific dos: naturally parted and down, or messy variations on a French twist.

STATELY HEADS
FROM LEFT: GIGI HADID, CROWNED IN DOLCE & GABBANA, PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREGORY HARRIS. LUPITA NYONG'O, IN CHANEL FINE JEWELRY, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT, *VOGUE*, 2015.

Informality is the new disruptive spin on such pretty accoutrements, which are now as suitable for daylight as they are for evening. That's why, with Glastonbury still eight months away, I can't resist taking the glistening Saint Laurent headpiece to a casual Sunday lunch in London's Chelsea before returning to New York. When I wear it a little lower on the forehead rather than the . . . well, crown, it presses gently against my limp post-flight locks (the tiara's sparkle is suitably VIEW>176

HADID: FASHION EDITOR: TABITHA SIMMONS. HAIR: TOMO JIDAI; MAKEUP: VIRGINIA YOUNG. STILL LIFES: JOHN MANNO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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distracting for those with no time or inclination to blow-dry). With surrounding eyebrows suitably raised, this alt-princess finds it the perfect excuse to order in a correspondingly commanding tone. My four-year-old dining companion is enthralled, as am I: While tiaras have long played to the left and charmed nonconformists from Dame Vivienne Westwood to Courtney Love, this new iteration of hair jewels feels more lighthearted, more fun.

More delicate, even genteel, pieces can hold stellar impact, too. Armed with my invitation from Samantha Cameron, the prime minister's wife, for her London Fashion Week celebration at 10 Downing Street, I visit hairstylist George Northwood to dress up my disheveled low ponytail. He opts for the considered clash of a Chanel crescent-moon hairpin and a Susan Foster white diamond barrette, then teases more than a few strands out of their new constraints—"You don't want to look bridal or lack a sense of modernity," he says. I make my way through the main gate at 10 Downing and to the security hut—where I'm promptly asked to remove the pin before entering the scanner. (Chanel as global-security risk!) I manage to replace it myself, happy that a less precious approach to accessorizing is the new goal. As I enter the state drawing room, my à la carte sparkle seems to add a certain grandeur appropriate to the occasion—and gains appreciative coos from the enviably chic Serbian-born, London-based designer Roksanda Ilincic. Suddenly, any notions of "grunge princess" feel light years away. □

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COLOR STORIES
1. KIMBERLY McDONALD EMERALD RING. **2.** DAVID WEBB BERYL BRACELET. **3.** KIMBERLY McDONALD RUBY RING. **4.** DAVID WEBB JADE EARRINGS. **5.** FEDERICA RETTORE LABRADORITE EARRINGS. **6.** LAUREN K EMERALD RING. ALL AT BERGDORF GOODMAN, NYC.

Room to SHINE

I am standing in 5,000 square feet of dust that, in a few weeks, will house just as many carats of diamonds. Despite the space's unfinished state, though, it's easy to see the potential of Bergdorf Goodman's new jewelry salon—the brainchild of Linda Fargo, Bergdorf's director of women's fashion and store presentation, brought to life by the architect Michael Neumann. Taking cues from Beaux Arts and French Moderne—with faceted stained-wood walls epitomizing the elegant, pared-down style of Jean-Michel Frank and plush velvet settees nodding to the sumptuous nature of Serge Roche—the atelier will mix works from established names like David Webb and Pomellato with gems from lesser-known (and new to Bergdorf) designers, including Yannis Sergakis and Daniela Villegas.

"Bergdorf Goodman was my great-grandmother's favorite store," says Villegas. "To show here is to relive the stories she told me as a little girl." For the opening (and the holiday season) the main room will include a curated collection of one-of-a-kind fine jewelry pieces featuring Gemfields's responsibly sourced rubies and emeralds. Even among the rebar and plywood, I can already see the sparkle.—**RACHEL WALDMAN**

TIARA: COURTESY OF TIFFANY & CO. BERGDORF GOODMAN: JOHN MANNO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



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SCREEN GRABS
LEFT: ROONEY MARA AND CATE BLANCHETT IN *CAROL*. BELOW: TONI COLLETTE AND JONATHAN RHYS MEYERS IN 1998'S *VELVET GOLDMINE*.

Reel Talk

DIRECTOR TODD HAYNES AND DESIGNER SANDY POWELL TAKE NEW YORK FASHION WEEK.





CHIC LOOK
LEFT: FROM HAYNES'S 2002 FILM *FAR FROM HEAVEN*. RIGHT: EVAN RACHEL WOOD IN HAYNES'S 2011 TV DRAMA *MILDRED PIERCE*.

In fashion, as in life, some questions remain unanswerable. To wit: In the merry-go-round of influences and inspirations, which comes first, fashion or film? A fun way to ponder this chicken-or-egg debate is to hang out with filmmakers at New York Fashion Week, as I did recently with Todd Haynes. Haynes articulates the mood and emotion of fashion like few other directors, from the sweeps of autumn-colored society dresses that seem almost to smother Julianne Moore's character in *Far from Heaven* to Cate Blanchett's long gloves and silks that are, in *Carol,* his newest film, devoured by the camera of Rooney Mara's character—this on a road trip that already appears to channel spring's slip dresses–and–nightwear vibe (see Calvin and Alexander Wang). "Clothes are really the iconic pieces of language that you have to keep in mind when you are entering the character," Haynes says.

He was accompanied at Fashion Week by Sandy Powell, the Oscar-winning costume designer and longtime Haynes collaborator. "There's always something in contemporary fashion that you can be inspired by, in the same way that fashion designers look at period costume or film," Powell says. "We all nick each other's ideas." She was headed to Thom Browne in Junya Watanabe denim-print pants, a cap-sleeved white cotton shirt, and silver Simone Rocha boots, and talked about the first time she got wind of *Velvet Goldmine,* Haynes's glam-rock classic that still influences designers—see Rodarte's shimmering spring collection, replete with Ziggy Stardust heels. "I just thought, I've got to do that."

Haynes, Powell says, offers colors as guidance rather than precise themes and directions. "He has a real clear idea of palettes," she says. About *Carol,* she notes that she took inspiration for Blanchett's gloves from old *Vogue*s ("You look at any *Vogue* from the forties and fifties and everyone wears them, and they just go all the way down," Powell says); that the seamstresses in Cincinnati, where *Carol* was filmed, sewed and sewed, but Powell herself took over the sewing machine in crucial moments. Why dress Rooney Mara in a quirky tam-o'-shanter—was she anticipating Stella McCartney's plaids? Not exactly. "It's because her character doesn't have any money, basically," Powell says.

In Browne's front row, Powell chatted with Andrew Bolton, curator of the Met's Costume Institute, about that institution's "Punk: Chaos to Couture" show in 2013. (Her next project is the punk alien–themed *How to Talk to Girls at Parties,* starring Elle Fanning and Nicole Kidman.) Powell found Browne's procession of intarsia jackets atop Japanese schoolgirls (or maybe VIEW>182

CAROL: © ISOIMAGES LTD. *VELVET GOLDMINE*: MOVIESTORE COLLECTION/REX USA. *FAR FROM HEAVEN*: COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION. *MILDRED PIERCE*: ANDREW SCHWARTZ/ © HBO/COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION.



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Dramatic Effect





DREAM TEAM
ABOVE: A SCENE FROM THOM BROWNE'S SPRING 2016 SHOW. RIGHT: HAYNES AND POWELL AT THE MARCHESA SHOW.

interplanetary gauchos?) gathering in a wooden schoolhouse very impressive—particularly their antennae-like pigtails. "This is great for someone who has been drawing aliens in the hotel room all day," Powell says.

Toward the end of Fashion Week, we meet Haynes at the St. Regis Hotel and, a bit early for the Marchesa show, hole up in a corner of its King Cole Bar. Haynes remembers his first fashion show: Tom Ford, in the company of Cate Blanchett—a last-minute invite. "What did you wear?" Powell asks.

"I checked with you!" Haynes says.

We head upstairs to the Marchesa show, which for a filmmaker is like watching a preview of the gowns that people who win awards might red-carpet in. Christina Hendricks and AnnaSophia Robb are here, but Haynes and Powell end up chatting with Harvey Weinstein, the distributor of *Carol* as well as a producer—and, of course, the husband of Marchesa designer Georgina Chapman. Chapman, Weinstein tells us, is a huge fan of Powell's work. Cut to a feather-and-tulle procession of bird-inspired gowns. Haynes and Powell applaud, run to a car, and race to Anna Sui's Polynesia-themed show, which is just starting. Film references include Dorothy Lamour, *Blue Hawaii*–era Elvis, and Barbara Stanwyck in 1941's *Ball of Fire*.

"I liked the pineapple print with the bits of lamé on it," Powell says afterward.

"I liked the bodysuit that looked like tattoos," Haynes says.

"I've seen three completely different shows, and I like the way they are completely different," Powell says.

"It sounds like the Thom Browne show was the most structured," says Haynes, who, waylaid by a cold, had to miss it.

"It had a little story to it," Powell says. "I saw it as the bride turning into the schoolmistress. And when she came in, everybody stood up."

"So it was like *Mädchen in Uniform,*" Haynes says.

"It was," Powell says. "I'd forgotten about that film."

"It's a good precursor to *Carol,* actually," says Haynes. "It's the first overtly lesbian love story. It's a German schoolmarm-schoolgirl movie from the thirties, and they are all in uniforms. It's classic."—ROBERT SULLIVAN





LOOM LARGE
ABOVE: *AUTUMN*, A TAPESTRY COMMISSIONED BY LOUIS XIV. RIGHT: MIRANDA KERR IN LOUIS VUITTON, PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS.

Common Thread

What does Louis XIV have in common with fashion's current trend meter? Drop-dead-*magnifique* tapestries. If Erdem's or Mary Katrantzou's deep-hued fall jacquards and damasks weren't convincing enough, see the spun ornamental motifs at Louis Vuitton's resort collection (sported here by Miranda Kerr) or, curtaining the spring runways, Valentino's whimsical African fauna and Bottega Veneta's degraded, ruglike patterns. The crossover is timely: On December 15, the Getty Museum in Los Angeles will unveil fifteen of the Sun King's megasize hangings—eleven of which have never before been seen in the U.S.—thereby layering new meaning to the term *interwoven.*

—NICK REMSEN

BROWNE: CASEY KELBAUGH/*THE NEW YORK TIMES*/REDUX. HAYNES AND POWELL: ANGELA PHAM/BFA/SIPA USA/NEWSCOM. TAPESTRY: *AUTUMN*, BEFORE 1669. BEAUDRIN-YVART, AFTER CHARLES LE BRUN, AND GOBELINS MANUFACTORY; WOOL, SILK, AND GILT METAL–WRAPPED THREAD, 189" X 228¾". IMAGE © LE MOBILIER NATIONAL. PHOTO BY LAWRENCE PERQUIS. KERR: PHIL OH.

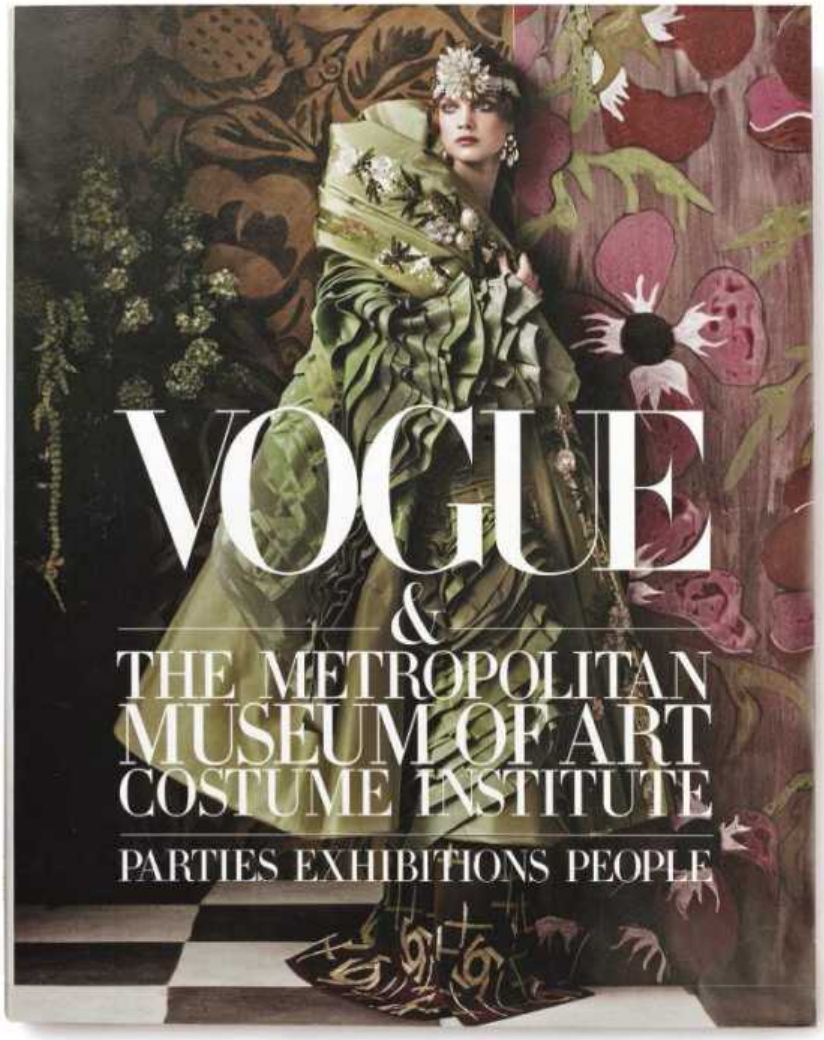

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The Metropolitan Museum of Art's annual Costume Institute exhibition and gala are among the fashion world's most spectacular events. Now *Vogue* takes you inside, with in-depth stories and stunning photographs.

By Hamish Bowles

Foreword by Thomas P. Campbell

Introduction by Anna Wintour

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PROMOTIONS AND EVENTS IN DECEMBER



Beauty

EDITOR: CELIA ELLENBERG



A CUT ABOVE VANESSA MOODY WEARS A LOUIS VUITTON BLOUSE AND A DAVID YURMAN CHOKER. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SEBASTIAN KIM. FASHION EDITOR: KAREN KAISER.

FRINGE Effect

A hit on the runways, microbangs are a scissor-happy solution to your winter hair rut.

I first met E at a plein-air punk show while visiting a Connecticut college. She was an art student with classical features, but what drew me to her was her bangs: a blunt fringe she had cut close to the hairline, forming an off-kilter frame for her face. I imagined her sliding a forelock under the arm of an art-room paper trimmer and slicing it with the guillotine blade. I liked her even more.

To see the chopped microbangs on models at Christopher Kane's spring show in London was like watching a parade of isomorphic Es: art school girls so attractive they could mess with your expectations, mar their appearance, and still enchant. Her bangs were seemingly everywhere: at Alexander Wang, Marc Jacobs, and Lanvin. "I love the idea of a girl hacking at her bangs," says the hairstylist Guido Palau, who was largely responsible for proliferating the look, along with some home-cut irreverence. Hairstylist Didier Malige, who's been snipping a similar set for Hedi Slimane's brigade of rock chicks for the past few seasons, crowned BEAUTY>188

HAIR, DIDIER MALIGE; MAKEUP, MARLA BELT. PHOTOGRAPHED AT BRASSERIE WITLOF, BROOKLYN. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


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them with a nineties-grunge tiara at Saint Laurent. Microbangs "make a girl look more edgy and aggressive," he offers. When I ask why, he answers simply, "You can't hide behind them."

The idea of microbangs might be more of an affront than the real thing, says Palau. In practice, they can be "modified and prettified." Baby bangs have a genealogy all their own: Audrey Hepburn, Anna Karina, Audrey Tautou in *Amélie.* Cut some fringe a finger's width above your eyebrows, sweep it to the side, and voilà: *une fille.* But this isn't the true look of the moment, whose origins lie elsewhere: in Isabella Blow and Rooney Mara's Lisbeth Salander, Milla Jovovich in *The Fifth Element,* and Janeane Garofalo in *Reality Bites*—in-your-face women who want to get their hands dirty and their hair out of the way.

In considering microbangs, Malige says, it's important to gauge the shape of your forehead. They need to be cut wide—past the far end of the eyebrow—or else the face looks too narrow, Palau adds. But it's the kind of look that "any woman with the confidence to try" can pull off, he insists. If you're short on guts, "buy into the idea of being that woman, and then they'll work."



LANGLEY FOX, OUTSIDE TOMMY HILFIGER'S SPRING 2016 SHOW IN NEW YORK.

Model and illustrator Langley Fox is that woman—so much so that she and her tiny fringe earned a starring role in Alessandra Facchinetti's recent show at Tod's, not to mention a handful of other runway turns and front-row cameos. When I ring Fox to ask about her method, she misses my call: She's trimming her bangs. Self-guided maintenance, she admits when we finally connect, isn't always easy, but there are perks. "I like my eyebrows," she says, and microbangs frame them well. Fox first made the cut because she "loved seeing them on other girls." Her advice? Wear the bangs you want to see in the world.—**DAYNA TORTORICI** BEAUTY>190

Street APPEAL

Derek Lam debuts a wardrobe of fragrances inspired by his original SoHo studio address.



When Derek Lam started his brand in a downtown New York studio at 10 Crosby Street twelve years ago, the street itself was something of a muse for the native San Franciscan. "While I was designing, I would go to the window and I would see all these interesting people," he recalls of the cross-section of artists, performers, entertainers, and fashion types that frequently passed by. Derek Lam 10 Crosby, the label he launched in 2011 as a corollary to his main collection, was a love letter to that downtown archetype. Lam's studio is no longer nestled between Manhattan's SoHo and Nolita neighborhoods, but 10 Crosby "is not a specific address; it's a point of view," he insists—one that will get a larger periphery next month as Lam eyes the fragrance industry with an ambitious lineup of ten scents. Rather than confine himself to one narrative, one note, one character, Lam has taken on the role of storyteller, penning a novella of eaux de parfum instead. "It's a whole wardrobe with different personalities," he effuses of the Crosby Street happenings that informed his new offering—from the feeling of the first snowfall of winter that inspired Silent St., a blend of white musks, to the wafts of cedarwood and vanilla bean in Something Wild that are meant to conjure the irreverence of a girl coming out of Saturdays Surf shop, throwing her board into the back of her boyfriend's jeep, and breaking for the beach. Each of these moments, ripped from Lam's memory, will be immortalized on film at dereklam.com in January, when the flacons officially launch with a series of digital shorts. (A holiday sampler of all ten scents is now available at sephora.com.) The positioning—and the tall cylindrical white packaging—is a direct response to what Lam sees as a certain monotony that pervades fragrance counters. "Everything looks the same," he insists, running a finger over the exposed center of one oversize bottle's colored glass "window"—a nod to his old studio days. "Impact," he notes, "is equally as important as subtlety."—**CELIA ELLENBERG**

BOARD MEETING
LEFT: AMANDA MURPHY, IN A DEREK LAM 10 CROSBY JACKET AND DRESS, WITH THE DESIGNER ON CROSBY STREET; DEREK LAM 10 CROSBY FRAGRANCES.

FOX: ALEXANDRA GAVILLET. LAM AND MURPHY: DAN MARTENSEN. FASHION EDITOR: MOLLY HAYLOR. HAIR: JAMES MOONEY. MAKEUP: OZZY SALVATIERRA; CAR: 2015 JEEP WRANGLER RUBICON; FRAGRANCES: LUCAS VISSER. DETAILS: SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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Mind, Body, Spirits

With boutique fitness studios resembling discos and members-only wellness clubs offering the promise of spiritual—and social—enlightenment, Marisa Meltzer grabs a tequila-spiked green juice and joins up.



PARTY LINES
THANKS TO AN UPTICK IN SOCIALLY MINDED HEALTH CONCEPTS, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HOUSE MUSIC AND GET YOUR YOGA ON, TOO. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC BOMAN.

It's Friday night in Brooklyn's Williamsburg neighborhood, and I'm in a dark room listening to Drake's latest hit. The only lights are flickering candles, and the air is thick with the intermingling smell of incense and perspiration. But I'm not here to dance. I'm at Y7, a yoga studio where the vinyasas are practiced to a sound track suited for nightclubs, the room is always hot and pitch-black, and the man-bun hairstyle abounds.

Scanning the room of tribal-print leggings, I realize that tonight is not all that different from the other nights in my calendar, evidence that I have been spending a lot more time at gyms and boutique fitness studios than at clubs (so crowded!) or bars (so loud!). My fitness life, it seems, has merged with my social life.

There's actually a marketing phrase for the phenomenon: the "health creep," wherein wellness has situated itself into every aspect of our lives. Affluent Americans want to get fit without compromising on the fun, triggering a trillion-dollar industry worldwide, with the fitness and mind-and-body portion of the wellness umbrella worth $390 billion alone. And if there's one thing all of these yoga studios–cum–meditation centers–cum–organic juice presses have in common, it's a certain effort to be social. Or, as Carlos Becil, the chief marketing officer at the upscale fitness club (and soon-to-be hotelier) Equinox, tells me on a recent afternoon, "Working out is the new happy hour."

Becil's sound bite also happens to be the impetus behind an emerging trend for members clubs and ticketed events with a health bent that provide both an opportunity for exercise and a social nexus. "You don't have to go for the yoga," says Taryn Toomey, the 37-year-old former fashion executive who teaches the New York–based boot camp–yoga–meditation hybrid called The Class to devoted acolytes like Christy Turlington and Naomi Watts. "You can just have a big salad at a barn table where people are doing work together. It breeds a little more openness and takes the pretentiousness out of some of these things," she suggests.

That's certainly the subtext at The Springs, which opened last year in the warehouse-heavy Arts District in downtown Los Angeles. The promise of a veritable Shangri-la for people like me compels a summer pilgrimage westward to the co-working space and wellness center–in–one that is just as heavy on networking as it is on yoga and meditation.

Having spent the past year as a committed dabbler, rolling out my mat everywhere from Deep House Yoga night at the Brooklyn club Verboten, where the oms are drowned out by bass beats, to a local incarnation of Morning Gloryville—the London-based morning rave—I arrived at The Springs' 13,800-square-foot flagship to find a college-town coffeeshop feel with the appeal of a clubhouse that Gwyneth Paltrow and the singer Sia also happen to patronize. Inside, there are countless fashion bloggers who come for the craniosacral massage and matcha milk sprinkled with pink salt, and stay for the free high-speed Internet and room to lounge.

After some morning namastes and an infrared-sauna session said to burn 600 calories, I sit down to a seaweed Caesar salad in the raw-vegan café with owners Kimberly Helms and Jared Stein. One of the reasons Stein wanted to create the space, he says, was so "you could be on a juice cleanse and your friends could have dinner with you."

It's a surprisingly pervasive dilemma in L.A., I learn, that can now also be resolved at the newly opened Wanderlust Hollywood—the first stationary outpost of the Wanderlust Festival, the rapidly growing Brooklyn-based mindful events company responsible for weekend-long meditation, music, and art retreats that are often referred to as BEAUTY>192

DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE

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Beauty Fitness

"Coachella for the yoga set." Wanderlust's new three-story undertaking certainly offers its fair share of practice options: One studio fits 400; the other has views of palm trees and the hills. Both are overseen by Chad Dennis, better known as Harry Styles's and Adam Levine's yoga guru. But its vision is grander than that. The café is run by Seamus Mullen, the Food Network judge and James Beard–nominated chef of New York's Tertulia, and the meditation program was designed by Charlie Knoles of the L.A.–based Veda Center for meditation. Also on the premises: an organic garden—and merch bearing the credo SPIRITUAL GANGSTER.

"I call it the Yoho House," says Wanderlust cofounder Jeff Krasno, drawing a comparison to the Soho House's upscale, international membership model. (Classes here are available à la carte, as it were, but you can also join Wanderlust for $159 per month to access its full menu of offerings, which will include biodynamic-wine tastings, vegetable-fermentation workshops, and lectures on nutrition.) "There's value in having a place for ideas to come together," notes Krasno.

The need for these venues is more real now than ever, insists Jesse Israel—the 30-year-old record-label founder who runs the Big Quiet, a group that organizes "mass meditations for modern people" (a sound-bath booze cruise on the Hudson River where alcohol was replaced by upscale kombucha and turmeric tonics was one recent event). "More and more, the way we connect is digitally. As a result, we're drained from hyperconnectivity, and I've seen a real hunger for human connection," he explains.

> "More and more, the way we connect is digitally. As a result, we're drained from hyperconnectivity"

I want to buy in, but the unwavering promise of enlightenment-in-numbers boasts more good vibes than I can handle. During the 200-person yoga class I attended at Wanderlust—which included egg shakers and ecstatic yelping—I kept wishing I had a watch on to see how much more I had to endure. I couldn't help but recall a line from David Foster Wallace's 1996 essay about embarking on a luxury cruise: "The promise is not that you *can* experience great pleasure but that you *will*."

It's not until a few months later, when I'm back in New York at the new Chinatown studio Sky Ting Yoga, that Israel's words begin to click. I'm attending a 90-minute yoga class that involves a Stevie Nicks sound track and guided meditation followed by a special hour-long event with Juice Press featuring cold-pressed beverages with a splash of tequila. Wedged in between the textile designer John Robshaw and a girl I recognized from working at the Rachel Comey boutique, I'm consumed by a sense of bliss as I polish off a cup of chia-seed pudding from the popular nearby café Dimes. There are no co-working spaces here, but there is a large ottoman to lounge on, and I'm pretty sure they'd let me use the WiFi if I asked. □

Makeup Back LASH

Elisabeth TNT gives up eyelash extensions and revamps her holiday beauty look.



When the dernier cri at the *Vogue* offices last year was a pair of long, fluttery lashes, I promptly made a visit to i-Plaza, an unassuming downtown salon where the meticulous Yoshi worked his magic. An hour later, I opened my eyes to the Jessica Rabbit gaze of my dreams. I was instantly addicted. But intervention came by way of an allergic reaction to the lash glue after a top-up in Paris during Fashion Week turned my eyes red, itchy, and swollen. Sue Marsh, who runs a tiny lash atelier back home in London, recommended an "eyelash lift"—an increasingly popular alternative to extensions—to take the edge off. It worked. The gentle perming gel-and-tint treatment that bends hairs at the root, pushing them up rather than down, gave me eye-opening lashes for weeks—no maintenance necessary. The best part? They were all mine. With added help from treatment serums, like the polypeptide-packed NeuLash to minimize breakage and the medical-grade Mylash to promote growth, a soft, defined effect soon replaced what was once brittle and artificial. My lids will never be Yoshi-level luscious again. But I'm OK with that—especially after a spring runway season that has left me wanting minimal-meets-glamorous makeup rather than anything over the top, especially for the holidays. Healthy, natural-looking lashes are in—and they happen to be the perfect canvas for an understated flick of festive glitter or a demure red lip. □

ALL AFLUTTER
DOUTZEN KROES, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CRAIG McDEAN, *VOGUE,* 2006.

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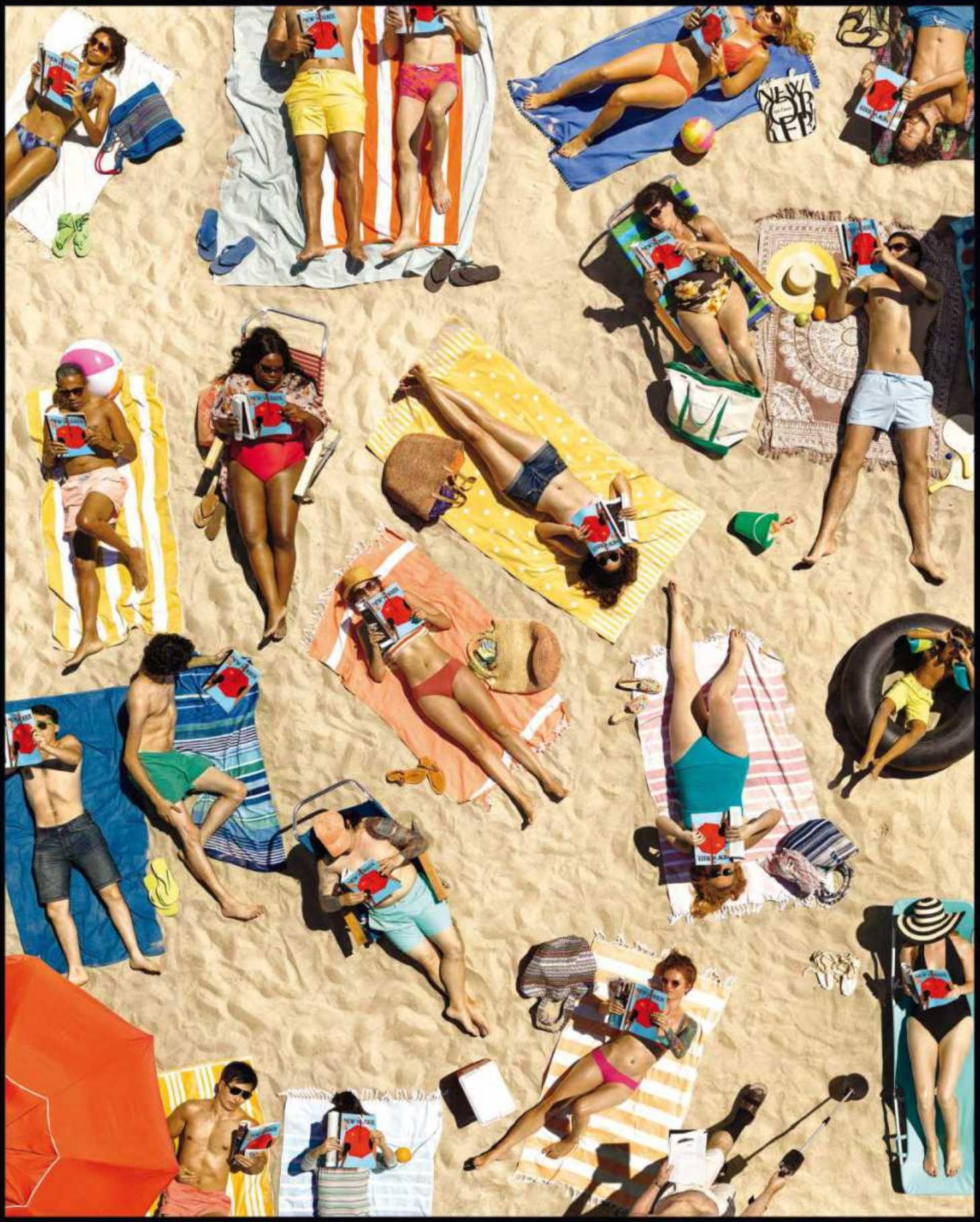
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EDITOR: VALERIE STEIKER

theater



THE SKY'S THE LIMIT
FROM LEFT: MICHAEL ESPER, CRISTIN MILIOTI, MICHAEL C. HALL, AND DIRECTOR IVO VAN HOVE.

Ground CONTROL

Inspired by a cult classic, *Lazarus* touches down on the New York stage.

David Bowie's 1969 song "Space Oddity" made the 22-year-old singer a star. His otherworldly aura only intensified with his performance in Nicolas Roeg's 1976 film *The Man Who Fell to Earth.* At 68, Bowie is *still* a superstar: When tickets for his musical **Lazarus,** which uses *The Man Who Fell to Earth* as a jumping-off point, went on sale at the New York Theatre Workshop this fall, they sold out within a few hours. It didn't hurt, of course, that the show stars Michael C. Hall, with a script by the savagely funny Enda Walsh and staging by the brilliant Belgian director Ivo van Hove.

Based on Walter Tevis's bleak sci-fi novel, *The Man Who Fell to Earth* tells the story of an alien named Thomas Jerome Newton who comes to Earth to build a spaceship to rescue his dying planet but instead, after becoming a famous inventor, sinks into alcoholism, solitude, and despair. *Lazarus* picks up decades later, and not much has changed. "He's in this world but not of it. He's a well-known figure," Hall says, "and he gets all sorts of things projected on him—which I can relate to." In a kind of fever dream, Newton hires an assistant (Cristin Milioti) trying to escape her abusive husband and encounters a sinister alter ego (Michael Esper), with Bowie songs performed along the way.

Van Hove, who started his career as an avant-garde enfant terrible and has become one of the theater's most inventive and sought-after directors, says that he chooses only productions that speak to him personally. "David Bowie is my idol," he admits. "When I was fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, it was the music of my becoming an adult. I was a homosexual, and the ambiguous sexuality in his music opened a lot of doors for me. If Bowie could sing about it, talk about it, act it out, then it would be fine for me, this boy from a small town in Belgium." Van Hove also related to his idol as an artist. "I was fascinated by how he played different characters. I'm a theater man, and we do that every day—pretend to be someone else in order to tell a little bit about ourselves."—**ADAM GREEN**

PATA>198

THEATER: COLUMBINE GOLDSMITH. SITTINGS EDITOR: KATIE BURNETT. HAIR: SHIN ARIMA. MAKEUP: FARA HOMIDI. PHOTOGRAPHED AT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT FOUR FREEDOMS PARK, ROOSEVELT ISLAND, NY. TRAVEL: GUIZIOU FRANCK/HEMIS.FR/GETTY IMAGES. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

travel



ON THE HORIZON
AN ESTUARY BENEATH THE SIERRA DE LA LAGUNA MOUNTAINS.

SURF Break

The newest addition to San José del Cabo, the calmer of the twin "capes" at the southern tip of Baja, is **Mar Adentro,** an all-white modernist hotel designed by architect Miguel Ángel Aragonés. With stunning views of the Gulf of California, the property features a saltwater pool with a mirrored floor, ocean walkways, and a spa with a built-in waterfall. One restaurant (there are five) places guests beneath a lattice of native branches while serving up fresh yellowtail and spiny lobster sashimi. In town, guests can explore the adobe homes turned galleries, then head to dinner at Flora's Field Kitchen, set in a mango orchard in the mountains.—**JENNIFER CONRAD**

people are talking about



THAT LOOK
WILL POULTER, IN A GUCCI COAT AND A J.CREW SUIT.

up next

NEW Frontier

"I get recognized a lot," says **Will Poulter,** "but not because I have an extensive body of work. It's because I look different." While this 22-year-old "proud Londoner" does possess a face of unforgettable vividness—his eyebrows are veritable emoticons—it's how he uses those features that everyone finds exciting, in roles like the hulking bully in *The Maze Runner* or a blushing teen in *We're the Millers.* Now comes *The Revenant,* a tale of survival and revenge from *Birdman*'s Alejandro González Iñárritu, in which he costars with no less than Leonardo DiCaprio and Tom Hardy. Poulter plays the youthful assistant to DiCaprio's frontiersman in the brutal Western wilderness—a place he came to know all too well.

"Making *The Revenant* was the hardest thing I'll ever do," he says of shooting in the bitter cold of an Alberta winter. "But it was really fun sharing that camaraderie. I'd never been on a set where the shots are so ambitious that, when you finally get it right after hours and hours, everyone jumps for joy."

The Canadian wilds are a long way from Hammersmith, where Poulter grew up the artistic son of a medical family. Discovered at twelve in street casting for the film *Son of Rambow,* he's been working steadily ever since. He's currently in Abu Dhabi shooting the military satire *War Machine,* with Brad Pitt. Although he says he can get nervous working with idols like Pitt and DiCaprio—whose performance in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape* is one of his inspirations—he stays focused. "Will's extremely private and intense," González Iñárritu says. "He doesn't give a damn about anything except what he has to deliver."—**JOHN POWERS**

opera

Stage PRESENCE

In a season full of exciting Met debuts, Peter Gelb is especially looking forward to that of **Nadine Sierra,** a striking soprano who will appear this month in Michael Mayer's production of *Rigoletto,* which trades sixteenth-century Mantua for 1960s Las Vegas. "I see a lot of her in myself," the singer says of the innocent Gilda. Sierra first set foot on the Met stage at 20, when she won its prestigious National Council Auditions with a crystalline rendition of an aria from Mozart's *Zaide.* Six years later, she's still quite young in opera years—"like a baby," says Gelb—but hardly lacks experience. She's made Gilda something of a signature role, playing Verdi's heroine everywhere from Boston to Naples. "If I'd been making any mistakes before, the Italians were *sure* to correct me," she says. After finishing at the Met, she'll return to Italy to debut at La Scala. It's the sort of lineup she's been dreaming about since she was ten and her mom came back from their Fort Lauderdale library with a VHS tape of *La Bohème,* which was never returned.—**KATE GUADAGNINO**

POULTER: MEL BLES. FASHION EDITOR: ANDERS SØLVSTEN THOMSEN. GROOMING: JODY TAYLOR. DOMINO SET: GORMAN STUDIO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

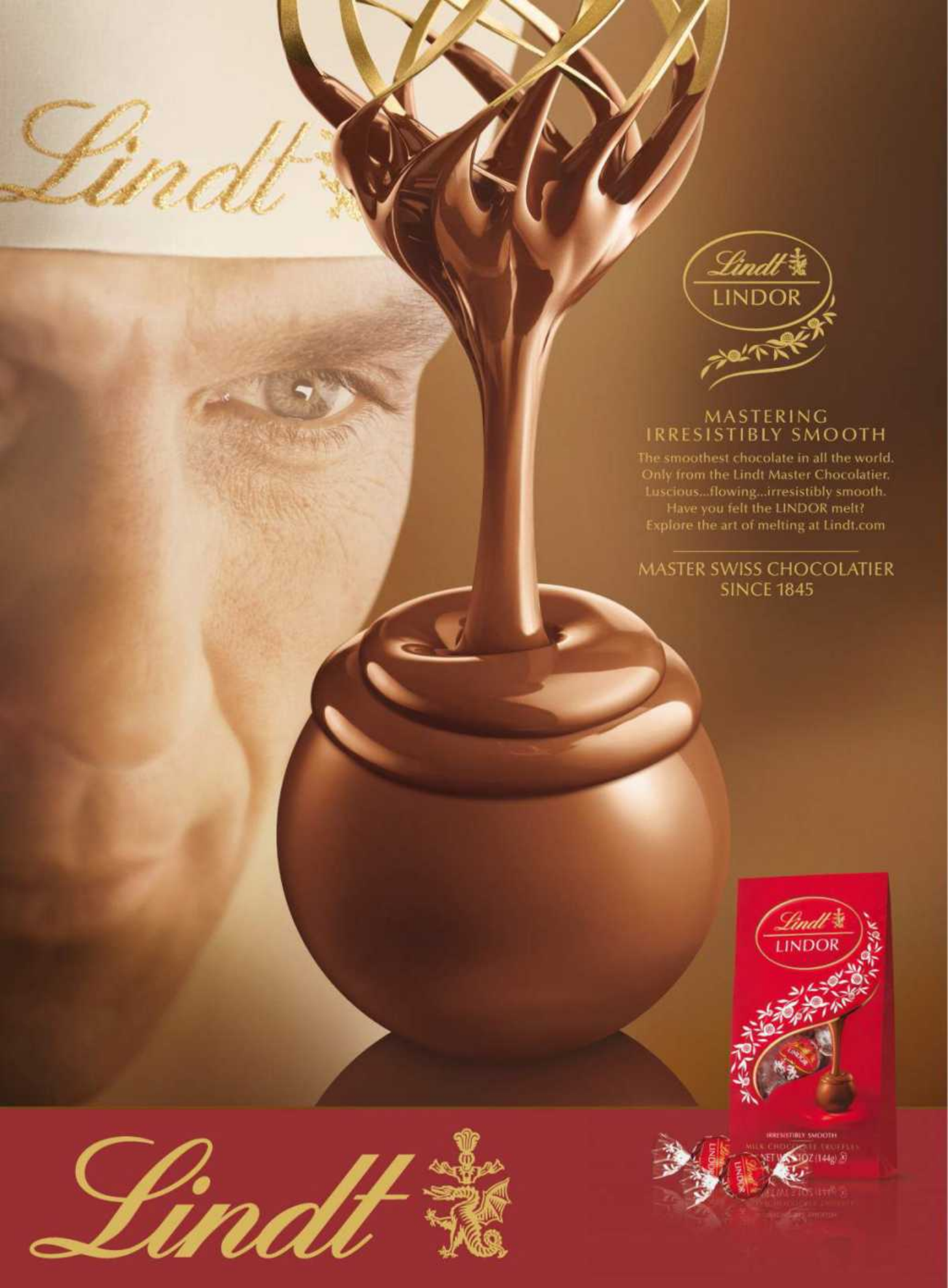
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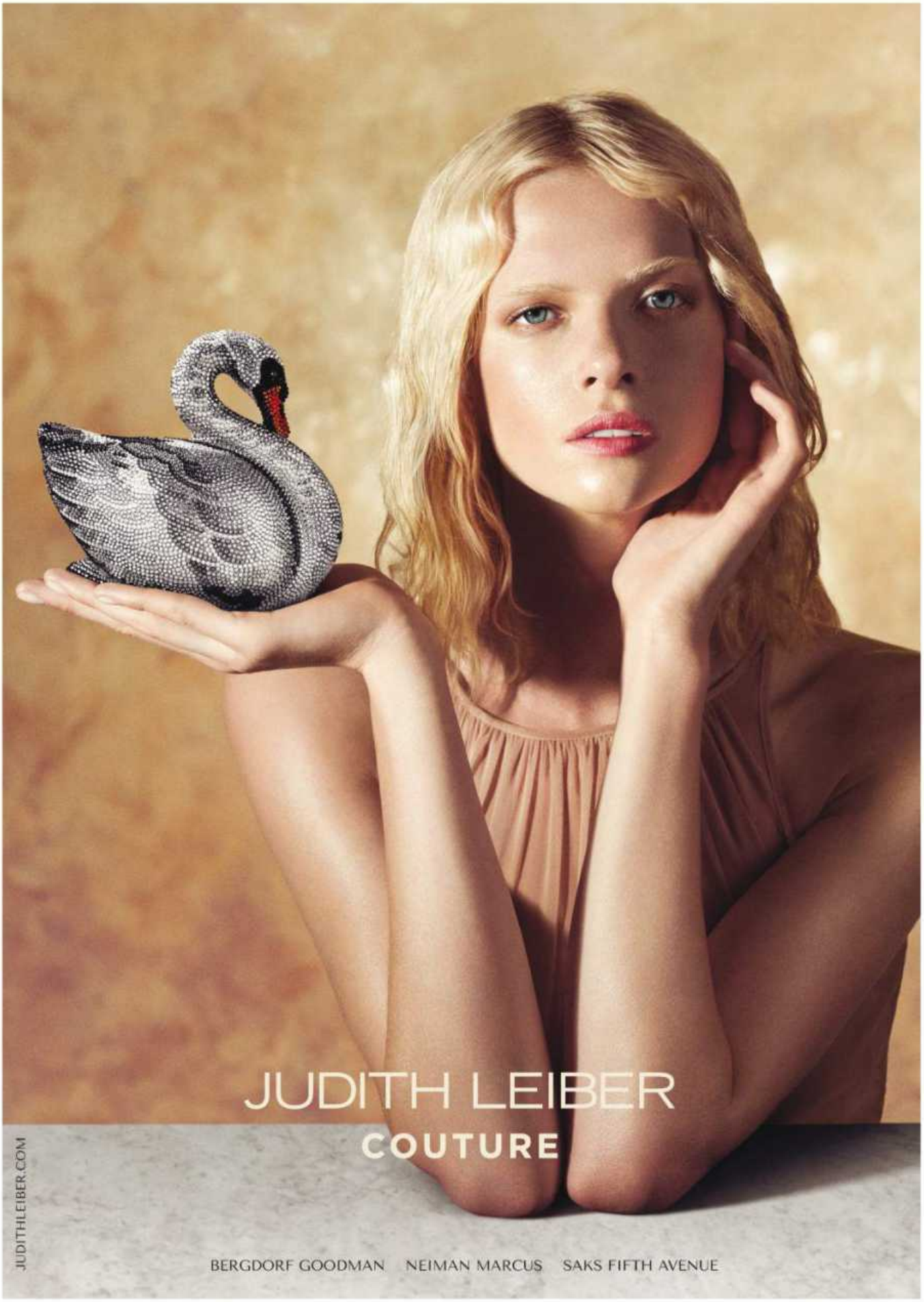
For the WIN

The season's beloved fireside games get eye-catching updates: **Wolfum's** wooden domino sets are adorned with festive geometric patterns, while **Clare Vivier,** inspired by a topographical map of her adopted state, California, offers a stylish spin on traditional playing cards. And **Serena & Lily's** gift-ready backgammon board is upholstered in canvas fabric—no wrapping paper required.—**REBECCA STADLEN**



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Dream State



The pyrotechnics of Lewis Carroll's imagination thrive on the London stage in *wonder.land,* a new, hypermodernized tale of Alice and her follies. Kendall Jenner—with some fantastical friends—trips down the rabbit hole in the season's splendors. By Adam Green. Photographed by Mert Alas & Marcus Piggott.

"The two *Alice*s are not books for children," Virginia Woolf wrote in 1939. "They are the only books in which we become children." Generations of young readers might take issue with the first part of Woolf's statement, but there's no question that Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* hold a singular power to send us tumbling down the rabbit hole into the delights and terrors of childhood. That—not to mention the surreal wit and verbal acrobatics—may be the key to their enduring appeal 150 years after the first *Alice* book was published. The anniversary is being marked around the world by museum exhibitions, scholarly conferences, and theatrical productions, most notably *wonder.land* (pronounced "wonder-dot-land"), a visually extravagant new musical adaptation opening at London's National Theatre that brings Carroll into the Internet age. Staged by the National's protean artistic director, Rufus Norris—whose recent productions

SMALL WORLD

Dum (ABOVE LEFT) and Dee (Sam Archer and Leon Cooke) up to their usual antics? Stay above it all in fresh white kicks and a botanical-themed dress. Alexander McQueen dress, belt, and sneakers. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington.



SMOKE & MIRRORS
A sculpted day dress with a blue petticoat induces a pure, almost hallucinogenic bliss. The Caterpillar (Hal Fowler) guides the way, while Aly (the new name of Alice, played by Lois Chimimba, OPPOSITE PAGE) holds the looking glass. Jenner wears a Dior Haute Couture silk gauze-and-organza dress and sandals. *wonder.land*'s cast appears throughout in costumes designed by Katrina Lindsay. Details, see In This Issue.



CATERPILLAR PODS (FROM LEFT): LEON COOKE, IVAN DE FREITAS, AND CYDNEY UFFINDELL-PHILLIPS.



FLIGHT OF FANCY

The Dodo (Ivan De Freitas)—at least in so-called reality—is long gone, but soiree dressing with a festival spin (these wellies, for example) lives on. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane dress, jewelry, bag, and boots.

there include David Hare's adaptation of *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* and *Everyman,* with Chiwetel Ejiofor—with songs by Blur and Gorillaz front man Damon Albarn, it promises to be a heady finale to *Alice*'s birthday bash. "This story—and its characters—is hugely imprinted on our collective cultural memory," Norris says. "It has something very potent, albeit elusive—it slips away like the White Rabbit."

Carroll's stories have been brought to the stage many times over the years, from an 1886 West End musical to a 1970 avant-garde production directed by Andre Gregory (and documented by Richard Avedon), a 1982 rock musical starring Meryl Streep, and a haunting 2012 immersive theater piece, *Then She Fell*. That may be why, when Alex Poots, then the head of the Manchester International Festival, suggested that Norris and Albarn, who had worked together on the 2011 opera *Dr. Dee,* collaborate on a new *Alice,* Norris was skeptical. When he met with Albarn and the playwright Moira Buffini, he recalls, "I asked, 'How are we going to start this, if we are going to start this?' Damon took his phone out of his pocket, pointed to the screen, and said, 'That is the rabbit hole.' And immediately all three of us went, OK, got it."

"What I found most challenging was translating *Alice* into a narrative structure without losing its surreal weirdness," says Buffini, whose work includes *Handbagged* and the 2011 screen version of *Jane Eyre*. Her solution was to make the play about a young girl's quest to find out who she is. The girl in question is a mixed-race fourteen-year-old named Aly (the charming Lois Chimimba), who lives in a dismal council estate with her mother (Golda Rosheuvel) and baby brother, both of whom she resents. Blaming herself for her parents' separation and generally alienated and unhappy, she finds solace in the candy-colored world of an online game called wonder.land, where she creates an avatar called Alice (Carly Bawden), who, unlike herself, is tall and blonde. As she goes deeper into wonder .land—created with trippy élan by set designer Rae Smith, costume designer Katrina Lindsay, and digital-projection team 59 Productions—she encounters reimagined versions of such iconic Carroll inventions as the White Rabbit, the Caterpillar,



FALLING UP
Even the Mouse (Ed Wade) agrees: This chain-accented dress by Alexander Wang hits all the right notes. It's fun but sleek, now but nineties—pure Alex in Wonderland. Alexander Wang dress, jewelry, and sandals. Details, see In This Issue.



LAYERS OF INTRIGUE
When a timeless cupcake blue is worked into sensuously tiered ruffles, the effect is curiouser and curiouser. (The houndstooth-friendly pattern of Ms. Manxome [Anna Francolini], though, appears downright fraught.) Proenza Schouler dress. Details, see In This Issue.



ALY AND STUDENTS (FROM LEFT): ENYI OKORONKWO, JOSHUA LACEY, AND DAISY MAYWOOD.



BLURRED LINES
Was it all a dream? In the end, it doesn't matter: An up-all-night, mixed-and-matched outfit like this can take you from sleep to street and back again. Miu Miu dress, shirt ($895), and earrings; select Miu Miu boutiques. Details, see In This Issue.



ARE YOUR DREAMS AT NIGHT 3 SIZES TOO BIG?
The Grey World Citizens (FROM LEFT: Joshua Lacey, Leon Cooke, and Paul Hilton), in mega- or mini-proportioned garb by Lindsay and the rest of *wonder.land*'s costume team, embrace the surreal feel.

the Cheshire Cat, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Soon, her real life and the world of wonder.land start to blend together, and her mother emerges as the White Queen, her gambling-addicted father (Paul Hilton) as the Mad Hatter, and her evil school headmistress (Anna Francolini, in a deliciously campy turn) as the Red Queen. In the end, she realizes that all the qualities with which she endowed her avatar—curiosity, boldness, self-reliance—were ones that she already possessed.

For the 25-year-old Chimimba, who is of mixed Scottish and Malawian descent and got into performing because she wanted to be a pop star like her idol Britney Spears, her character's dilemma rings true. "I look back at me at fourteen," she says, "and I was always the chubby one. I was the only mixed-race one. And if someone makes comments about that when you're that age, it can really make you go into your shell." Chimimba found her escape in acting and dancing classes. "It was so fun to pretend to be different kinds of people and behave in ways that you would never behave in the real world," she says, "and there was no judgment. I can understand why Wonderland is so exciting for Aly."

When the show premiered at the Manchester International Festival last summer, it was met with enthusiastic crowds, though the creators still considered it a work in progress. Since then, they have been working to revamp the show—beefing up Aly's backstory, streamlining the narrative, and integrating the sets and projections more seamlessly with the human actors. Most significant, Albarn has reconceived much of the music to give it more of the melodically infectious energy of his work with Blur.

For Norris, pulling the show apart and putting it back together comes with the job. "None of us quite knows where it's going to end up," he says, "but we're going to bust a gut to make sure that it's someplace wonderful."

Or, as the Red Queen tells Alice in *Through the Looking-Glass,* proving that Wonderland and musical theater have a lot in common: "Now, *here,* you see, it takes all the running *you* can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!" □





SET DESIGN, ANDREW TOMLINSON FOR STREETERS. PRODUCED BY ACROSS MEDIA PRODUCTION

HARE RAISING

What's up is down; what's left is right: Jenner kicks it with the White Rabbit (Joshua Lacey), her bad-girl moto vest softened by dainty dots. Louis Vuitton leather vests, T-shirt, skirt, fingerless gloves, and boots. In this story, for Jenner: hair, Shay Ashual; makeup, Lisa Eldridge for Lancôme. Details, see In This Issue.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

Hollywood's blockbuster blonde comes to town this month with the final *Hunger Games* and David O. Russell's *Joy.* So what's next for Jennifer Lawrence? Buck the system, set up home, and try to find a date. By Jonathan Van Meter. Photographed by Mikael Jansson.





CHARGING AHEAD

"She is finding her voice and finding her footing," says Lawrence's three-time director David O. Russell. Proenza Schouler dress. Dries Van Noten boots. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

It's

sweltering in Los Angeles, the kind of heat that melts the ice cubes in your caramel macchiato faster than you can say Kardashian. I am holed up in my hotel room on Sunset Boulevard watching tennis, drapes drawn against the remorseless sun, when suddenly: Ding! A text. Jennifer Lawrence wants to ditch our plans. Forget meeting at the Italian restaurant on Laurel Canyon; just come to my house now. She sends her driver, Paul, a South African with a mellifluous voice, to pick me up, and before long, we are winding our way up, up into the Hills of Beverly, to the gated community where Lawrence lives in a house she bought last year for about $8 million. As we are waved through by a guard, Paul thoughtfully points out the other houses of note in this wonderland of privacy: There's Cameron Diaz's pile, and just over there, Ashton and Mila's new place.

Lawrence's assistant, Talley, meets me at the front gate and ushers me through the house to the kitchen, where moments later Lawrence appears in a white crop top and faded boyfriend jeans rolled at the ankle. She is barefoot, tan, and very blonde, her hair cut into a short bob. The house—a convincingly faux-Tuscan villa, with five bedrooms, six bathrooms, a gym, a theater, and a hair-and-makeup room ("Thank *God* for Jessica Simpson," says Lawrence of the previous owner)—is exactly as old as Lawrence herself. She just turned 25 a few weeks ago, with a party here; her friends persuaded Kris Jenner to come and present Jen with a cake in the shape of a pile of poop that read, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, YOU PIECE OF SHIT! "My knees buckled," says Lawrence. "And then I got hammered and talked to her like I think I'm part of the family."

The house had been renovated just before she bought it, so all Lawrence had to do was fill it with furniture. "I hired these decorators from Louisville, where I grew up," she says. "There's this place, Bittners, I would walk by when I was a little girl and go, 'Oooooh, one day,' because it was so . . . *fancy*." The result is a kind of luxe-comfy-chic, with some rustic flourishes, like tables made out of old Kentucky-bourbon barrels. "I can't believe what a difference furniture has made in my overall emotional well-being," she says.

As she opens a bottle of rosé, her dog, Pippi, comes scampering into the room. Smallish and brown, she is adorably hard to pin down. What kind of dog is that? "Oh, my God, I wish I could ask her." When did you get her? Here I stumble into a subject that I wouldn't have dreamed of bringing up so soon: the nude-photo leak. It was exactly a year ago that hackers stole photos from Lawrence's iCloud account and posted them on the Web, an episode she labeled a "sex crime." Her mother was visiting with a new puppy when the news broke. "I was outside crying, and Pippi jumped up on my lap and started licking up all my tears, and I couldn't put her down for hours. And I mean, *hours*. I was like, 'Well, obviously, you're *mine*.' " Looking back, does she have more perspective on the ordeal? "It was all pain and no gain," she says. "But I don't dwell on it unless someone brings it up. Have *you* seen me naked?"

Glasses of wine in hand, we head upstairs, and when we walk into the enormous master suite she makes a sweeping gesture toward the bed and says, "This is where the *maaagic haaaappens*." Then she shoots me a get-real look. "Literally zero magic has happened in here." She holds up her glass in a toast: "Cheers to my hymen growing back!"

Of course she and Amy Schumer have hit it off; they're both startlingly ribald and whip smart. Sitting next to her laptop is a printout of their screenplay. "We started writing a month ago, and we have 150 pages," says Lawrence, who has already absorbed some of Schumer's cadences. "It's a lot of ballsy and not a lot of thinking twice. One time we laughed so hard our teeth clanked together."

Forbes magazine recently reported that Lawrence is the highest-paid actress in the world, having made $52 million in the past year, but as giddy as she is about her new furniture, she doesn't seem entirely comfortable in such grand, grown-up surroundings. Her bedroom is the only room that feels lived in because it's where she spends much of her time—and where the two of us sit and talk for nearly five hours. "Sorry the wine isn't cold," she says. "I always forget you're supposed to chill rosé—I'm new money." We step through the French doors onto the balcony that overlooks the backyard. "I go outside in the morning and drink my coffee and try to be proud of myself and be like, '*Look!*' It feels good not to worry about money, although I never did. Money never really affected my consciousness, if that makes any sense."

But some old habits die hard. "I'm not cheap, but I don't want to waste even $5." Is there anything she indulges in? "Um, private jets? I have such a hard time flying commercial. I always want to—it's cheaper, it's easier—but there can be 300 perfectly lovely people at the gate and one crazy person who ruins it for everyone, so flying private is great because I don't have to worry." A big fake smile spreads across her face: "Is that *relatable* enough for you?"

Suddenly, her phone chimes with the gentle sound of a reminder. Lawrence stares at the screen for a split second and then looks at me. "We have to wrap this up because I have an interview with Jonathan Van Meter." She laughs. "We blew our dinner reservation. Shall we just stay in and order a pizza?" Sure, I say. "Oh, thank *God,* I can take off my bra," which she does right in front of me and then tosses it onto her bed. She texts Talley, trying to find the number of the pizza joint she loves. She orders us a large pie, with pepperoni and jalapeño with ranch dressing on the side (not nearly as bad as it sounds).

In a few days, Lawrence will fly to Atlanta, where she will begin working after some well-deserved time off. "Downtime is normally the bane of my existence," she says. "It makes me depressed, not relaxed. But I was actually enjoying myself this time," she says. What did you do? I ask. "You're looking at it. Hang out. Drink wine. I've got a bunch of friends who

live really close, thank God. And I've made friends with Mila and Ashton, two doors down. They're *awesome*. I go over there uninvited. They're probably getting pretty sick of me."

We head back down to the kitchen. Michael Fassbender recently taught her how to make a dirty martini, which she is eager to try out. She asks me to grab a couple of glasses out of the cabinet, which is not bare, exactly, but close. "I need a whole houseful of stuff," she says as she swirls vermouth in a glass. "I'm starting from scratch."

For the last five years—ever since the indie *Winter's Bone* put her on the map—nearly every single movie that Jennifer Lawrence has made has been part of the X-Men franchise, or one of the four Hunger Games movies (the final installment, *Mockingjay, Part 2,* opens on November 20), or a David O. Russell film, including *Silver Linings Playbook, American Hustle,* and now *Joy,* which opens on Christmas Day. She has been nominated for three Academy Awards, winning the Oscar for *Silver Linings.* Her career is unprecedented on every level: the smart choices, the awards, the box-office clout, the near-universal lovability. So it should come as no surprise that Lawrence is a little wary about the future. "It's scary," she says, "because it will go away. I will have a flop." Next up is *Passengers,* a space movie with Chris Pratt. I ask her to elaborate. "It's a space movie with Chris Pratt," she says, then cracks up. It is, indeed, exactly that: a love story set in the very distant future, aboard a ship carrying people over unimaginable millions of miles to other livable planets.

"I knew that coming out of Hunger Games it was a bad move to do a big blockbuster," she says. "I want to get back to my roots, back to indies, where I started. And then I read *Passengers,* and I loved it. This is my first time saying yes now that I am completely free of franchises. So there's an elephant on my chest."

You mean *off* your chest?

"No, *on* my chest," she says. "Now it's a lot harder. I've got to fill up my year with things that are all 100 percent my decisions." She has already made at least two: She has agreed to star in Steven Spielberg's next film, based on war photographer Lynsey Addario's book, *It's What I Do: A Photographer's Life of Love and War.* "It's so good. Addario is a fucking badass." And in mid-October, Darren Aronofsky pitched his next project by reading his entire screenplay to Lawrence over a bottle of wine in his apartment in New York and she signed up on the spot, which is what being franchise-free really means for her now: She is in complete control. "It doesn't feel like I'm being towed behind something anymore," she says. "It feels like *I'm* towing it."

Being David O. Russell's muse in three films was perhaps the most challenging franchise of all. In keeping with the storied tradition of mentors and protégées, Russell and Lawrence have a complicated relationship, one that, according to Lawrence, is built first on love and second on collaboration. "He has given me a life, creatively, that I would have never known," she says, "what it feels like to really *act*, to be scared out of your mind on set and have no idea what's going on. There are things that I've learned about myself that would have taken 20 years that he taught me in five."

Although Russell is famously intense, Lawrence has not only handled the pressure and chaos but thrived. "Because I'm not so sensitive, we can *really* talk, like, man-to-man," she says. "Sometimes he accidentally refers to me as *he* or *him.* But he really respects and understands women, and by that I mean he doesn't treat a woman any differently than he'll treat a man. He would never tiptoe around a woman."

When I tell Amy Adams, her costar in *American Hustle,* what Lawrence said, she laughs. "Well, if you mean he doesn't treat people like a lady, I can agree with that," she says. "You have to have a certain kind of personality to be able to understand David's direction without emotionally attaching yourself to criticism. And she's able to do that. That's why she gives such controlled performances in his films, because she's able to go into the deep and heightened places where he operates from."

Russell has been dogged by criticism that he has cast Lawrence in roles she is far too young to play. "I am obviously too young for all of David's characters," says Lawrence. "But none of that comes from David wanting a young girl in his movies. That's not even in his atmosphere." Audiences appear to have no problem accepting Lawrence in those parts. "Everybody already thinks I'm 40," she jokes. Julianne Moore, who plays the president in Hunger Games, thinks Lawrence transcends her age. "She has found a conduit through which she is able to communicate this very rich inner life," says Moore. "There are those scenes in *Silver Linings Playbook* where she kind of pops out and jogs alongside of Bradley and I remember thinking, She's so incredibly alive and free and funny and accessible, and I *bought* it. It seems so simple, but it's not."

> Of course she and Amy Schumer have hit it off; they're both startlingly ribald and whip smart

With *Joy,* in addition to being reunited with her *Silver Linings* cast mates Bradley Cooper and Robert De Niro, Lawrence is once again tackling a mature role. The film is ostensibly about Joy Mangano, the Long Island housewife who, at 34, invented the Miracle Mop and got rich. "It started out as her true story, and then it went into Davidland," says Lawrence. "He gets inspired by so many things, so it *has* to turn into a collage." Russell acknowledges that like many of his films, *Joy* is half fiction. "I had to come up with a journey, the lifespan of a woman from ten years old to middle age, that I felt was worthy of Jennifer, so it's almost a ballad of this woman's life and her soul."

The film was shot early this year in Boston, during that city's record snowfall (110 inches!). "It was so miserable," says Lawrence. "David and I kept saying, 'Merry Christmas' to each other to try to make ourselves feel better, but it didn't work." In February, word leaked out that Russell and Lawrence had "a screaming match" on set, and she quickly took to Facebook to quell the gossip. Today Lawrence seems eager to talk about it, mostly to clarify that, yes, they *did* have an ugly fight, but it was Lawrence, not Russell, who behaved like a monster. She was sick with the flu, throwing up between takes, and at one point exploded at Russell, who said to her, "Genuinely, from the bottom of my heart, I am scared of you."

"I was fucking *mean* on set," says Lawrence. "I wasn't mean to anybody but David. I would never be mean to

somebody who couldn't be mean back. But when you really love somebody, you fight with them. There have been times where I've said, 'We should go to couples therapy.' " (For Russell's part, he'd like to leave a *little* mystery "because that's part of what makes our relationship special. But I will say that we both thrive in that place where the ridiculous meets the very serious.")

The bruising honesty of their relationship—and Lawrence's desire to be open about it, warts and all—echoes the film in some ways. Amid the comic-tragic family dysfunction, there is a scary ferociousness to Lawrence in *Joy* that we haven't seen before. "It's an honest portrayal of success," she says, "including the unlikable part. And then the struggles that happen afterward." It was an inspired bit of casting, especially given where Lawrence is in her life. "She is finding her voice and finding her footing," says Russell, "very much like the character. I'm watching her take bigger chances. Her motto should be 'Don't mistake my sense of alive fun for a lack of seriousness.' "

Darren Aronofsky pitched his next project by reading his entire screenplay to her over a bottle of wine and she signed up on the spot

The day I am at Lawrence's house also happens to be the day after the infamous county clerk Kim Davis gets out of jail, where she had been sent for defying a court order requiring her to issue marriage licenses to same-sex couples. Lawrence brings it up, calling her that "lady who makes me embarrassed to be from Kentucky." Kim Davis? "Don't even say her name in this house," she shoots back, and then goes into a rant about "all those people holding their crucifixes, which may as well be pitchforks, thinking they're fighting the good fight. I grew up in Kentucky. I know how they are."

There is a rabble-rousing spirit in Lawrence that gets stirred up when certain subjects are broached. "I was raised a Republican," she says, "but I just can't imagine supporting a party that doesn't support women's basic rights. It's 2015 and gay people can get married and we think that we've come so far, so, yay! But have we? I don't want to stay quiet about that stuff." It is not that big of a stretch to imagine her becoming a modern-day Jane Fonda, whom she deeply admires. When we discuss the presidential race, she says something that she will later repeat to a reporter from *Entertainment Weekly.* "My view on the election is pretty cut-and-dried: If Donald Trump is president of the United States, it will be the end of the world. And he's also the best thing to happen to the Democrats ever."

Nina Jacobson, who produced all four Hunger Games movies, can't help seeing the connections between Lawrence and Katniss Everdeen, the character that made her so famous. "It's endlessly meta," says Jacobson. "This idea of whether I want people to watch and listen or not, they *are,* so I better have something to say." It's rare to hear a box-office heavyweight be so outspoken. "She's feisty, a real fighter," says Elizabeth Banks, another Hunger Games costar. "That's the reason that Katniss really works on her. It's a little bit of her-against-the-world now, you know?





TRUE GRIT
As we're all discovering, Lawrence is constitutionally unable to not say what she thinks. Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci tank top and sequined skirt. Valentino leather jacket. Details, see In This Issue.

When the world shows up at your doorstep and wants a lot of things from you, you get a little punk-rock."

More evidence of Lawrence's newfound voice showed up in mid-October in Lenny, the feminist newsletter from Lena Dunham and her *Girls* co–show runner, Jenni Konner, in which Lawrence published an essay titled, "Why Do I Make Less than My Male Co-Stars?" It's staggering to realize that the highest-paid actress in the world gets paid millions less than male stars doing the same work. "When the Sony hack happened," wrote Lawrence, "and I found out how much less I was being paid than the lucky people with dicks, I didn't get mad at Sony. I got mad at myself. I failed as a negotiator because I gave up early. . . . I didn't want to seem 'difficult' or 'spoiled.' " The essay touched a nerve; no less than Hillary Clinton tweeted, "Brava."

"She's got a big soul and a big life ahead of her, and she can do really whatever she wants," says Russell

But there was a certain amount of backlash, too, which seemed to take Lawrence by surprise. "What I was trying to say is that we're not victims. I am holding my own self back. The men aren't to be blamed for asking for more and getting it." As we're all discovering, Lawrence is constitutionally unable to not say what she thinks. She herself calls it "a taboo impulsivity: If you shouldn't say it, it's all of a sudden coming out of my mouth."

Two

weeks later, I am once again holed up in a hotel room, getting last-minute texts from Lawrence. We are in Atlanta, where she is living in a rented house in Buckhead for the next four months while filming *Passengers.* Our plan to go to a music festival was nixed by her security guys. It is a Saturday afternoon, and Lawrence is at the dentist getting two veneers replaced. Ding!

Jonathan! it's Jennifer Shearer Lawrence
shrader dammit*
Is your middle name Shrader?
Hahaha yea . . . if I was gonna make
something up I would've said "danger"
or "night hawk"

I meet her at her house; it's the same one she rented in 2013 to film the last two Hunger Games. She greets me at the door in tight jeans, a white flowy-gauzy top, and Lanvin wedges. Her hair is even more blonde this time. "Oh, this is movie hair." Pause. "I guess this is what sluts look like in space." Half her face is still numb from the Novocain, so we sit in the backyard and wait for it to wear off. "Watch this," she says, and then tries to smile but can't, really. "I feel like Brandi from *Real Housewives of Beverly Hills.* She got work done and was like, *I had an allergic reaction to aspirin!*" And then: "Did you see that Kim Kardashian got lip injections? She took a selfie and wrote, 'pregnancy lips!' Honey, that's not a thing."

Talley is visiting her family in Georgia this weekend, so Lawrence is alone in this big old creaky house, which it turns out Jennifer Garner had just vacated. "There's adorable little baby spoons in the drawer, and I saw a little Cheerio in between my mattress and my box spring. I want to email Jennifer Garner. I just have a couple of questions: Did you ever feel like you were being watched?" She lets out a mordant chuckle. Lawrence thinks a lot about the isolation that comes with being so famous. "I was talking to the dentist about this, actually. Because he was like, 'I wouldn't make a good celebrity, because I'm a homebody.' I was like, 'No, you would make the *perfect* celebrity.' But the feeling does change when there are people outside of your house, waiting, and you're forced into it."

She's been spending a lot of time on her own in the past few months, ever since breaking up with Chris Martin, whom she had been seeing for about a year. Dating is tricky at this point. "No one ever asks me out," she says. "I am lonely every Saturday night. Guys are so mean to me. I know where it's coming from, I know they're trying to establish dominance, but it hurts my feelings. I'm just a girl who wants you to be nice to me. I am straight as an arrow. I feel like I need to meet a guy, with all due respect, who has been living in Baghdad for five years who has no idea who I am."

As we talk about the gamesmanship of love in your 20s, she mentions someone she dated whom she describes as "sexy," and then says, "but I didn't like how he made me *feel*. When someone makes you insecure, it's strangely exhilarating because you keep trying to fight for that validation." She pauses for a moment. "It's what you want to have *before* you get married, so that you don't seek it out once you *are*." Lawrence's best friend Justine just got married this fall, and her other best friend, Laura, is getting married next year, so there has been a lot of girly wedding talk in her circle lately. "I can't wait to be married," she says. "I feel like if I find that one person who I want to spend the rest of my life with, who I want to be the father of my children, that I would absolutely not fuck it up." She waits a beat. "But I'm also not banking on that."

The numbness has worn off, so we head out to dinner at a big, noisy steakhouse. The hostess makes a fuss over a dress Lawrence once wore to the Oscars, which gets us talking about her Dior contract. When I tell her I love that ad campaign, she says, "To paraphrase Candice Bergen in *Sex and the City:* Dior clothes! Dior makeup! Dior airbrushing! It's like the prettiest a girl could ever hope to look." (Later she is shocked to hear the news that Raf Simons is stepping down. "I just want him to be happy . . . but I will miss those clothes. That's a big job. Maybe he just needs a breather.")

As we get seated in a dark corner, tucked away from all the commotion, I notice a tattoo on her hand. "It's just H_2O, to remind me to drink more water," she says. "I've never had a symbol or a quote that was so important to me that I wanted it tattooed on me. So I was like, I'm going to need to stay hydrated. CONTINUED ON PAGE 272



UP AND AWAY
"That horse has seven speeds," says Lawrence of the Morgan Andalusian cross she rode during the shoot. Dior silk dress. Details, see In This Issue.



OPEN RANGE
"I would be hard-pressed to think of anybody who has the freedom of choice that she has," says Hunger Games producer Nina Jacobson. Louis Vuitton embossed-leather dress.



SET DESIGN, NICHOLAS DES JARDINS FOR MARY HOWARD STUDIO. PRODUCED BY RICARDO D. MARTINS FOR NORTH SIX.

TABLE FOR TWO

"I feel like I need to meet a guy who has been living in Baghdad for five years who has no idea who I am," she says. Tom Ford sequined tank top and skirt. In this story: hair, Shay Ashual; makeup, Hannah Murray. Details, see In This Issue.



SEEING THE LIGHT

Hadid's femme fatale dress is embellished with strategically placed embroidery in the shape of dragonflies and other winged insects. Gucci Chantilly-lace dress ($3,980) and embroidered briefs; select Gucci boutiques. On Gleeson: Dries Van Noten suit.

Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CASA FEZ

THE BIG TEASE

Delicate, old-world lace gets a spicy next-generation spin as Gigi Hadid and Domhnall Gleeson break away to Porto, Portugal. How did Victoriana suddenly become so alluring? The devil's in the details. Photographed by Mario Testino.



A MOMENT IN THE SUN
This high-rise bikini exemplifies the art of covering up to turn up the heat. Zimmermann bikini, $740; zimmermannwear.com. Tomas Maier espadrilles worn throughout. Photographed at Serralves. Details, see In This Issue.

ANGEL FACE

Her long-sleeved, high-necked lace floor-sweeper sounds awfully innocent—here, though, ecru looks nude, and elaborate lattices play against tawny skin. On Hadid: Burberry dress; burberry.com. On Gleeson (the star of *Brooklyn* and *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*): Burberry London suit. Hermès shirt. Details, see In This Issue.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT YEATMAN HOTEL





TAKE ME TO CHURCH

In the Gothic cloisters of Sé do Porto cathedral: black lace. The surface is fancy, but the shape is actually quite simple, almost sporty. Rochas knit top ($470) and lace skirt; rochas.com.



TIES THAT BIND

The angular architecture underscores the modernity of wearing plain cotton ankle-wrap espadrilles with allover floral appliqués that—if worn with heels—could turn a bit "madame." Erdem guipure-lace top ($1,995) and midi skirt ($1,950); net-a-porter.com. Details, see In This Issue.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CASA FEZ



BRINGING BACK THE BLING

An unfussy top and a simply cut skirt shine when boisterously embellished with crystals, black cabochons, and starbursts of eyelet. Marc Jacobs top ($2,800) and pencil skirt ($3,200); Marc Jacobs stores. Ippolita earrings.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CASA DA MÚSICA



PLAYING INNOCENT
Flip the switch on a ladylike dress with a neckline that plunges almost to the navel. Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci patchwork dress; Givenchy, NYC. Me & Ro rings. Details, see In This Issue.
BEAUTY NOTE
Loose, romantic waves need a soft, touchable feel. René Furterer Vegetal Texture Spray supports hair's natural moisture and provides a gentle hold.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT SÉ DO PORTO CATHEDRAL



HEARTSTRINGS
Ribbons, cords, laces, netting—threading and tying obsessions run through spring's fashion. Derek Lam guipure-lace dress, $3,995; dereklam.com. Spinelli Kilcollin rings. Details, see In This Issue.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT RIBEIRA SQUARE





LOCAL HEROES

Once upon a time, a girl would have worn a slip under a dress flaunting this much peekaboo. Today it's a bikini or a thong. Victoria Beckham corded lace dress, $4,500; net-a-porter.com. Céline earrings.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT RIBEIRA SQUARE



BLACK MAGIC

An ultra-femme lace jumpsuit ($2,695; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques)—a sort of harem pant–meets–pajama piece—looks fabulously louche and languorous. Photographed at Igreja do Carmo. In this story: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Yumi Lee. Menswear Editor: Michael Philouze. Details, see In This Issue.

PRODUCED BY BJÖRN F. GERLING FOR PRODUCTION BERLIN.



ONCE-LER UPON A TIME

"I speak for the trees!" The Lorax stands guard against Simon Paisley Day as the Once-ler, with assorted Seussians looking on. Costumes and set design, Rob Howell. Hair, Campbell Young; makeup, Val Garland. Produced by 10-4 Inc., London. Details, see In This Issue.

Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

Back to the Land

Matthew Warchus ushers in a new era at London's Old Vic with the first stage production of Dr. Seuss's *The Lorax*. Photographed by Anton Corbijn.



The hero of Dr. Seuss's *If I Ran the Zoo* is a lad by the name of Gerald McGrew, and the hero of his *If I Ran the Circus* is one Morris McGurk. If Seuss were around to write *If I Ran the Old Vic,* the hero would likely be the dazzlingly gifted 49-year-old director Matthew Warchus, who, after taking the helm of the venerable London theater from Kevin Spacey, is kicking off an ambitious, eclectic season of new productions—including the first professional stage adaptation of Seuss's beloved 1971 environmental parable *The Lorax,* which opens this month. "It's entertaining and transporting, but it's got substance; it's got a message," Warchus says. "It's profound without feeling like medicine."

With its mix of pro-environment, anticapitalist sentiment and trademark Seussian whimsy, *The Lorax* is emblematic of the kind of brainy entertainment Warchus is bringing to the Old Vic. "I've tried to make theater that doesn't exclude young people but has the same standards and values and goals as any piece would have," he says. To that end, he has assembled a first-rate creative team, including the rising director Max Webster, playwright David Greig, and former Noah and the Whale front man Charlie Fink, who has written catchy indie-folk songs that transition from bluegrass to a kind of dance music as the world of the story morphs from arcadia to polluted cityscape. Designer Rob Howell and puppetry director Finn Caldwell have captured Seuss's colorful world of Brown Bar-ba-loots, Swomee-Swans, and Humming-Fish to tell the story of the Once-ler, who, in his bottle-green velvet tails and bowler, starts cutting down Truffula trees against the strenuous objection of the Lorax, an orange creature with searching eyes and a bushy yellow mustache.

Webster, who trained at École Internationale de Théâtre Jacques Lecoq and absorbed the legendary instructor's vision of a theater of the imagination, says, "It was important to make the Lorax a puppet. You acknowledge it's a puppet—you can see the people operating it. So what you're really saying to the audience is, 'We know we're in a theater, we know we're in the Old Vic and not in a forest—but together we're going to attempt to imagine that we are.' And that, to me, is what theater is hugely about."—**ADAM GREEN**

The mood at the climbing gym in Manhattan's Chelsea Piers is monastic, cerebral. Classical music fills the cathedral-like space, and athletes study plastic holds bolted to walls as if they are math equations or abstract art. "There's no ego in climbing," explains the actor Edgar Ramírez, dressed in black shorts and a gray T-shirt, his hair attractively tousled. "It's very, very meditative."

Agile and restless, Ramírez is a new convert to the sport, having trained for the vertiginous climbing scenes in *Point Break,* one of which was shot on a narrow rock nicknamed "the diving board" that juts 3,200 feet in the air over Venezuela's Angel Falls. The film, Kathryn Bigelow's cult 1991 surfing caper reimagined as an extreme-sports heist movie by director Ericson Core, is one of Ramírez's two Christmas Day releases. (The other is David O. Russell's shrouded-in-secrecy *Joy;* Ramírez plays Jennifer Lawrence's husband.) "It's not about getting to the top," the actor says as he flashes up a difficult 5.8-rated route in three minutes flat. "It's how beautifully you get there."

Which is not a bad metaphor for Ramírez's career. He took the plunge into acting late—at age 24—after studying to be a journalist, or perhaps a diplomat like his father, then running a political nonprofit in his home country of Venezuela. A leading role opposite Keira Knightley in Tony Scott's *Domino* in 2005—"It was huge in France," Ramírez says wistfully—led to supporting parts in such movies as *Che, The Bourne Ultimatum,* and *Zero Dark Thirty*. To date, Ramírez is best known for his mesmerizing, sophisticated turn as terrorist "Carlos the Jackal" in Olivier Assayas's five-and-a-half-hour epic *Carlos,* a performance with all the menace of a loaded weapon.

His air of intensity makes Ramírez a compelling action star. "Handsome guys and beautiful girls you find all the time," says his longtime friend Guillermo Arriaga, the screenwriter of *Amores Perros* and *Babel,* "but a person with his kind of presence and animality is rare." For Russell, Ramírez "has a soul and the heart of an artist, and he's inspired to try anything," which on *Joy,* says the actor, meant becoming clay in the director's hands. "David shakes up your preconceptions and strips you of all of them," he says. "It's like jumping into a kaleidoscope—the dopest kaleidoscope you can imagine."

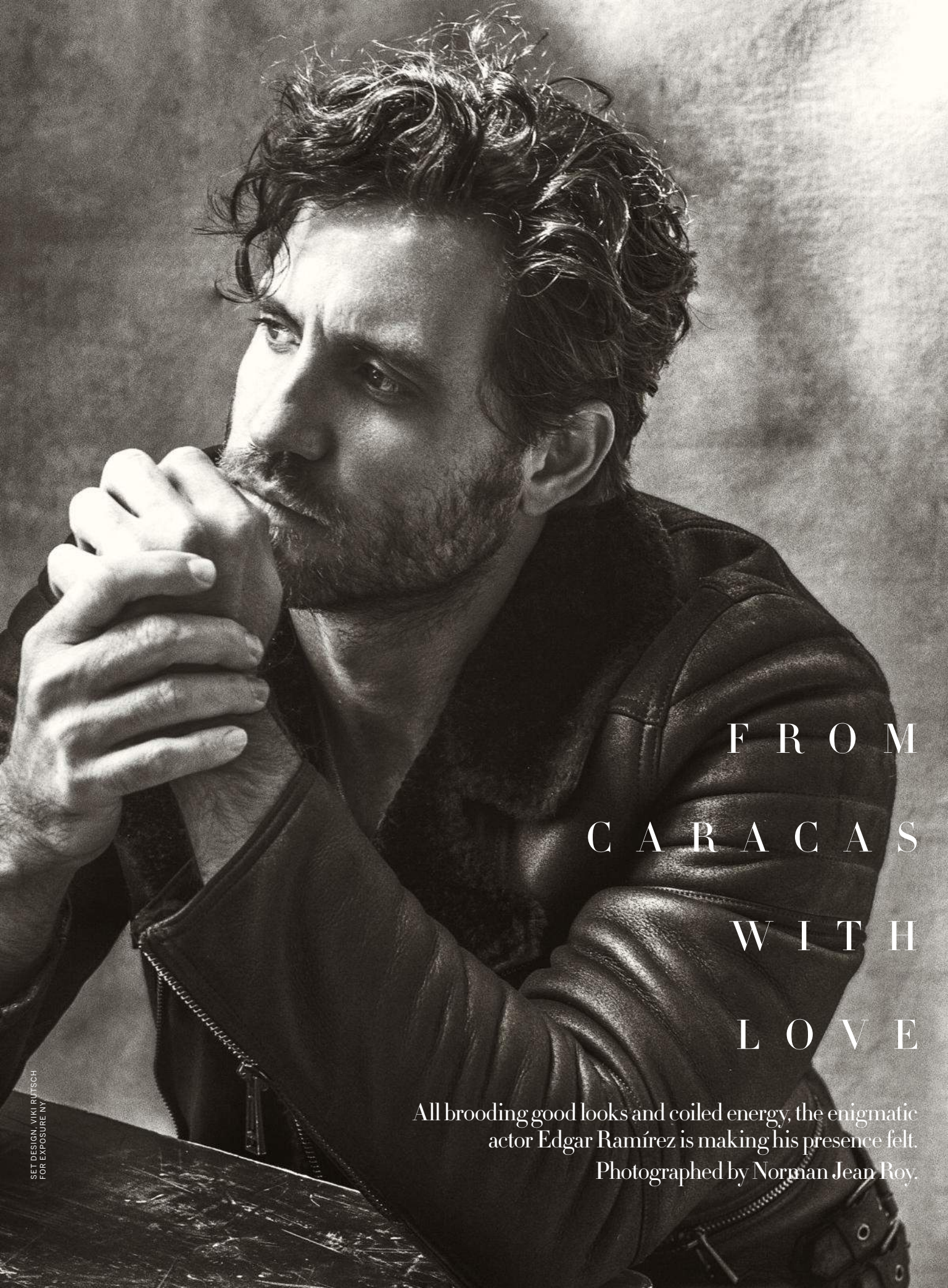
Now 38, Ramírez, whose home base is Caracas when he's not traveling for work (recently to Thailand for *Gold,* with Matthew McConaughey; and soon to New York for *The Girl on the Train,* with Emily Blunt), describes himself as single. "Single and optimistic." And judging by his temperament, perhaps all actors should spend their early careers in politics. "Coming out of a political job, I couldn't have fixed expectations about my career, because it would only lead to frustration," he says. "When people ask me what I'm going to do next, I don't really know. It's like weather. Weather changes."

—TAYLOR ANTRIM



MAN OF ACTION

Ramírez wears a Belstaff jacket. Grooming, Colleen Creighton. Details, see In This Issue. Sittings Editor: Bill Mullen.



FROM CARACAS WITH LOVE

All brooding good looks and coiled energy, the enigmatic actor Edgar Ramírez is making his presence felt. Photographed by Norman Jean Roy.

SET DESIGN, VIKI RUTSCH FOR EXPOSURE NY

FAMILY



VALUES

She inherited her mother's formal Viennese sensibilities, and he his father's flair for antiques, but together Caroline Sieber and Fritz von Westenholz make a London home all their own. By Hamish Bowles. Photographed by Oberto Gili.



PERENNIAL BLOOMS
The couple's London living room, which features a custom botanical mural scene by Zuber and a marble coffee table of their own design. Sittings Editor: Hamish Bowles.

Appropriately enough for a young couple soon expecting their first child, it is the image of a tree of life that connects Caroline Sieber and her husband, Fritz von Westenholz's, newly unveiled London house with the potent aesthetic legacies of their respective childhood homes. The design in question, a document taken from an eighteenth-century Indian-export textile, hangs at the window of a room that serves as both library and dining room, an image of flowering fecundity shadowed by the real trees in the leafy Notting Hill crescent outside. At Fritz's family house in the English countryside, meanwhile, the same design garlands an imposing mahogany four-poster bed in a cozy guest room, while Caroline's elegant mother, Suereyya Sieber, coincidentally also chose it to embower a bedroom in her family's house in Austria. For while the couple has worked hard to create a home that is uniquely their own, it still resonates with echoes of the very different places where they each grew up.

"I think you subconsciously absorb it," Caroline admits, citing the profound influence of her mother's taste. Fritz had strong ideas of his own, having imbibed childhood lessons in style from his father, the antiques dealer, decorator, and sometime Olympic skier Baron Piers von Westenholz, who began sleuthing and selling antiques as a thirteen-year-old schoolboy with his classmate David Mlinaric (who has subsequently decorated many of the great houses of Britain), and later formed partnerships with Robert Kime and Christopher Gibbs—each of them responsible for shaping the taste of their generations. Piers, even in rural semi-retirement, continues to create suave environments for clients with such boldfaced names as Getty and Windsor.

Fritz inherited his father's aesthetic interests, studying history of art and architecture at Edinburgh (he won the Architectural Heritage Society of Scotland prize for his dissertation comparing the eighteenth-century Houghton Hall with Hopetoun, both stately and significant country palaces that he knew firsthand—Andrew Hopetoun is, after all, a cousin). On university holidays, he worked on his father's stand at antiques fairs, but Piers, sensing that the very rich were becoming less interested in the handsome antiques that were his stock-in-trade, suggested his son choose a different path.

A more pragmatic career soon presented itself when a neighboring dealer suggested a meeting with Crispin Odey. Fritz read a story on hedge-fund managers in that evening paper's financial pages (unimaginatively titled "Masters of the Universe"), in which it was revealed that Odey had recently paid himself a salary of £19 million. When he was


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HAIR, GARY GLOSSMAN; MAKEUP, LAUREN HERSHESON. WEDDING: ROBERT FAIRER.

1. Striped Madeleine Castaing blinds shade Sieber's pink dressing room. **2.** Von Westenholz, reflected in a mirror lined with shooting cards. **3.** The couple shares a wedding-day kiss at Vienna's St. Michael's Church, 2013. **4.** The Duke of Windsor's Parisian bathroom inspired Sieber's own marble-and-chrome version. **5.** The kitchen, stocked with porcelain by Herend, opens onto an evergreen garden. **6.** A panel of Braquenié's tree of life hangs in the couple's library-style dining room. **7.** Lush magnolias, camellias, and ivy make for a garden oasis in the city. **8.** In a feathered Chanel skirt, Sieber lounges with her Maltipoo, Swifty. **9.** Plants and a skylight give the study a greenhouse feel.





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finally summoned for an interview, the droll von Westenholz shamelessly told Odey, "I had a very good education; I haven't got any money, and I've really got to make some if I want to continue this lifestyle. And from the sounds of it, you've made a lot." Fritz was eventually rewarded for his honesty with an internship and ended up staying for eight years. It was while celebrating with his first year's bonus at Boujis, the raucous Sloane Ranger hangout then beloved of Britain's young princes, that the 24-year-old met the fastidiously stylish Caroline Sieber, who was transitioning from economics student to fashion stylist. (Her clients would include Emma Watson, whose transformation from Harry Potter ingenue to fashion-forward red-carpet sophisticate she helped orchestrate.)

Nearly a decade later, Fritz proposed, and the couple found themselves on a serious house hunt. They fell for a home that was somewhat forlorn after years as a rental property. "Most people couldn't see what I liked about it," Caroline admits. "It was very dark and hadn't been touched for 30 years." But a 1980s renovation had resulted in some ingenious interventions on the classic nineteenth-century floor plan, with double-height spaces and added windows bringing light into its darker corners. "When you walked in you just had this wall of green," Caroline remembers of the view of the evergreen garden through a glass wall, which she has widened even more, so that now, "even when you're in the kitchen you feel like you are sitting in the garden."

Piers would gladly have offered his design counsel to the couple, but "I would always insist on doing it on my own," says Caroline. "I can dress myself—why wouldn't I be able to decorate my own house? It's meant to be fun, right?"







In spite of his own strong aesthetic instincts and preferences, Fritz gallantly surrendered to his wife. "I had a very strong idea of what I wanted," says Caroline, "and I wasn't that worried about making mistakes, because this is for us, you know? So we went for crazy colors and lots of patterns."

The largest basement room has now been coopted to house Caroline's extensive wardrobe, stocked with pieces from designer friends including Erdem Moralioglu and Christopher Kane, and an abundance of classic Chanel jackets—she is a loyal friend of the brand—that closely resemble the traditional Austrian boiled-wool jackets with felted

1. An English garden grows outside Piers von Westenholz's study at Barrows, his country house. **2.** Irish elk antlers hang above the fireplace. **3.** Red roses creep up a shed.

contrasting bindings that Caroline finds at Lanz. Clothes no longer in circulation are carefully vacuum packed or kept in the bachelorette apartment that, she sheepishly admits, she held on to for the purpose.

The dining-room library, meanwhile, is crowded with the monographs that Caroline drew on for inspiration—Jacques Grange, Elsie de Wolfe, and Madeleine Castaing among them. "It's a whole new world you're discovering," she explains. She developed mood boards as she would for her styling projects, and built up a library of fabric samples from such companies as Claremont, Braquenié, Sam Kasten, and Madeleine Castaing, whose mid–nineteenth century document prints she finds "feminine but not ditzy."

As well as ransacking the barns where the Baron von Westenholz keeps a treasury of antiques for his projects and clients, the couple were able to call on the practiced services of his highly skilled team of builders and artisans, sometimes alarming the suppliers with their choices. "They'd say, 'Are you sure this is the correct order?' " Caroline says, laughing, " 'because it doesn't look like anything you've been ordering for the past 30 years!' " Where her father-in-law invariably uses yellow-based matte paints that add a subtle patina to his schemes, for instance, Caroline opted for clear, blue-based paints in a highly lacquered gloss that place the house firmly in the twenty-first century. For the living room, she also fell in love with a Zuber wallpaper with a design of tropical birds disporting themselves in flowering branches and had it recolored to match the strident arsenic green of a beloved Rochas dress designed by Olivier Theyskens. Its giddying cost was mitigated by Caroline's artful protestations that it was so busy and decorative that they wouldn't need to buy any art to hang on top of it. Besides, it brings a flowering garden into the house even in London's bleakest months.

"I would always insist on doing it on my own," says Caroline. "I can dress myself—why wouldn't I be able to decorate my own house?"

The room, which runs the full depth of the house, is now convivially arranged with groupings of nineteenth-century chairs and sofas, quirky occasional tables, and lamps shaded with old sari fabrics. The juxtapositions evoke Fritz's family house, Barrows (named for an Anglo-Saxon burial mound on the property), which started life as a farmworker's cottage Piers was given by his father when he wed his first wife, Arabella von Hofmannsthal, at the tender age of eighteen. After Piers married Fritz's mother, Jane Leveson, in the late seventies, they extended the cottage into an L-shape and eventually a U, with an imposing entrance hall and multiple guest rooms. The result is the epitome of insouciant English country-house comfort and unforced elegance, an interior of flowering cretonnes and druggets, where objects of intriguing beauty and charm are disposed with an effortless touch.

Caroline spent her formative years in a wing of Vienna's stately Palais Schwarzenberg, built at the turn of the eighteenth century, later moving to an equally decorous house in the nearby Gloriettegasse, once acquired by the Emperor Franz Joseph himself for his mistress, the actress Katharina Schratt. Franz Joseph's more complex empress, the famed Hungarian beauty Elisabeth—known to all as "Sissi"—was later incarnated by the beauteous Romy Schneider in a trilogy of 1950s movies that were required viewing for impressionable young Austrian girls. "I know every single one of them by heart!" claims Caroline, who channeled the empress's signature Worth dresses when it came time to create her own wedding ensemble, made by Chanel couture and based on a magnificent ball gown Karl Lagerfeld designed in the early eighties.

The Siebers' Viennese house has been scrupulously restored, furnished, and decorated to reflect its imperial past—but its formality, as Caroline admits, is not very child-friendly. "To this day my mother would be appalled at the idea of a sofa that looks too comfortable." So when it came to decorating her own home, she wanted "something more contemporary, younger." She sates her nostalgia for her hometown by serving guests the empress's beloved crystallized violets—still made by the Viennese confectioner Demel—and by placing Biedermeier furniture among the deft mix of pieces that span the eras from Baroque to Gio Ponti via Regency and Arts and Crafts. There is an echo of imperial Vienna in Fritz and Caroline's living room, too—a settee of rococo swirls and volutes found in the depths of a Barrows barn and destined for Caroline's dressing room, for which it was upholstered in a melting sorbet-pink velvet. When it arrived, however, the room's doors and windows proved too narrow for it to pass through, so it headed upstairs to the living room instead, clearly waiting for a latter-day Sissi to swoon upon it.

"I'll fully confess that when Caroline came up with some of these ideas, I said, 'No way,' " says Fritz wryly, "but obviously I came around and now love it."

Fritz's gallantry, however, was sorely tested by some of his wife's innovations. His family houses have always had carpet underfoot, rugs layered over wall-to-wall fitted carpets—even in the bathrooms, in the classic English country-house manner. "But being Austrian, it's the most unhygienic thing for me," says Caroline firmly. Her master bathroom of marble, chrome, and Tiffany-blue verre eglomise might have been inspired by the Duke of Windsor's in Paris, but also evokes the pristine Belle Époque example in her parents' house.

Much as he craved carpets underfoot, however, Fritz balked at his wife's idea for a stair runner—in dazzling shocking pink. The resourceful Caroline, however, found a way to sugar even this pill. "We call it red," she says, "so officially it's red!" "It's maroon," says Fritz with a resigned smile.

"It's been so much fun," says Caroline. "Now I can't wait for the next project. I love that Fritz is interested in houses," she adds, "and I hope one day we'll have a very nice country house. I cannot wait," she adds wistfully, "to start doing gardens." □

1. Pleached lime trees at Barrows give the formal gardens an architectural look. **2.** An antique Regency settee in a sitting room. **3.** A box hedge path leads to a copy of the Parthenon's head of a horse of Selene. **4.** A statue of Shakespeare is playfully perched atop an Arts and Crafts table in the house's entry hall. **5.** The landscape at Barrows, named for the ancient Anglo-Saxon burial knoll on its grounds.



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1. An Italianate statue at Sieber's family house in Vienna belonged to the original homeowner, Katharina Schratt, mistress of Emperor Franz Joseph. **2.** A light-flooded entrance hall has the atmosphere of an orangery. **3.** A set of Russian porcelain gifted by Czar Nicholas II was later inlaid into the fireplace. **4.** The ornate plasterwork, parquet floors, and marble stove were scrupulously restored by Sieber's parents. **5.** The garden has maintained its original 19th-century design.



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LEGAL TENDER

As a California judge strikes down a ban on foie gras, Rob Haskell reconsiders a delicious, if controversial, luxury. Photographed by Eric Boman.

When autumn arrived in Los Angeles, Ludo Lefebvre started dropping raw cubes of foie gras into a mushroom broth flavored with pine needles and wakame at Trois Mec, the casual but dead-serious restaurant in a Hollywood mini-mall where the yellow marquee belonging to the previous tenant, Raffallo's Pizza, still hangs over the door. Though it opened nearly three years ago, Trois Mec remains Los Angeles's hardest table to score, owing in large part to the cult that grew around a chef who had spent years in the kitchens of Guy Martin, Pierre Gagnaire, and Alain Passard and proceeded to throw pop-up dinners at art galleries in downtown L.A.

Foie gras, opulent but contentious, finally returned to California earlier this year, when a federal judge struck down a law banning its manufacture and sale in the state. It was no longer necessary to seek out the foie gras speakeasies organized by Silicon Valley sybarites, or to drive to Las Vegas to collect a lobe at a post-office box, fairly confident that there were no liver-sniffing dogs at the state line. As the holidays approached, I was curious to know what Lefebvre thought I ought to do with a bit of it in my own kitchen. The chef, who grew up in Burgundy and remembers the store-bought terrines that chilled in his family's fridge from Christmas to New Year's Eve, said he was going to add it to the pork sausage, bread crumbs, and dried fruit with which he planned to stuff his turkey. But he conceded that cooking with fresh foie gras is quite a different matter from buying a tin of the stuff (which you can do at gas stations in some parts of France). "There it's the most traditional thing, and yet it's still thought of as restaurant food," Lefebvre told me. "People are afraid to work with it. Every December, my mom calls and asks me what to do."

I first saw a fresh, whole lobe of foie gras years ago in a garden in Venice, California, under a canopy of palms. There was neither a chill in the air nor a wreath on the door. My friend Rob Long, a Hollywood writer and producer, and a board member of Southern Foodways Alliance, an organization that celebrates culinary heirlooms like she-crab soup and chess pie, had recently installed a pizza oven and invited a few friends to sample its fruits. Rob, who doesn't love pizza, intended the outdoor furnace for thick rib eyes, halibut steaks, and, occasionally, duck livers. He is so deeply enamored of foie gras, in fact, so thoroughly convinced of its power both to reward and to console, that when his shepherd mix, Cohiba, was dying, he fed him Cryovac-ed slices, defrosted and microwaved for eleven seconds.

On this night Rob bore a cast-iron skillet in which a smooth hemisphere of liver, scored like a ham and dusted with Chinese five-spice powder, hissed in its fat. He rushed the thing into the orange inferno of the pizza oven for mere minutes. Then, with exquisite care, he sliced it like a roast, crisp and burnished outside and flanlike, quivering, and rosy within, and served it—tasting of beef and butter and blood and earth—beside greens dressed only in vinegar and hot foie fat spooned up from the pan. A network executive for whom Rob had just delivered a pilot was at the table that night. "I was desperately hoping for a series order, which arrived the next day," Rob admitted to me recently. "Maybe it had nothing to do with the foie."

That dinner party emboldened me to bring foie gras into my kitchen, and although I've had some successes over the years—mainly by searing a slice of liver in a hot, dry pan and setting it beside a sweet-tart puddle of something—I have had embarrassing failures, too. Foie is a frustrating and enigmatic ingredient: When chilled it has the smooth convexities of a Brancusi and the color and texture of nude lipstick, neither dull nor shiny. In cooking it goes from firm to jiggly, when all other meats do the opposite, and in overcooking it melts into nothing at all. At a friend's snowy birthday dinner in a New Hampshire farmhouse, I forgot the slices in the pan and returned to find that the foie had evanesced into duck grease, like an Alka-Seltzer fizzing toward oblivion.

American chefs have brought some cheek to the treatment of foie gras in recent years: David Chang's snowfall of shaved foie at Ko in New York, José Andrés's foie gras cotton candy at the Bazaar in Beverly Hills, Jake Godby's foie gras ice-cream sandwich at Humphry Slocombe in San Francisco (which in 2010 earned him a death threat). California chefs, especially, have brought the state's mash-up of immigrant idioms to the ingredient's service, as in Corey Lee's foie gras xiao long bao at Benu in San Francisco or Jon Shook and Vinny Dotolo's foie gras loco moco at Animal in L.A., a riff on a classic Hawaiian surfer dish that, in their version, marries seared foie and Spam. Wes Avila, who owns L.A.'s most ambitious food truck, Guerrilla Tacos, occasionally trots out an oxtail taco topped with a slice of seared foie gras, some flowering herbs, and a streak of salsa. "It's more traditional than it sounds," he says. For his Christmas tamales, Avila plans to swap foie fat for the lard traditionally used to bind the corn meal.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 272



RARE BIRD
Foie gras is the fattened liver of a goose (BELOW) or, much more commonly—if less exquisitely—a duck. There are only three major producers in the U.S.





Period Pieces

The fierce Gothic romance of medieval-inspired dressing is leading fashion's latest crusade—think chain mail–embellished sleeves and lady-in-waiting feminine frocks. Photographed by Jamie Hawkesworth.

BATTLE ROYALE
The simplest cream dress toughens up with a bolt of black—and Joan of Arc–worthy sleeves. Caroline Trentini wears a Louis Vuitton dress and boots; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Details, see In This Issue.
Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington.



WINDOWS TO THE SOUL

Geometric panes of gems and jewels in various shapes and sizes elevate austere black to a look becoming enough for a modern Guinevere. Marc Jacobs embroidered wool dress; Marc Jacobs stores. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane sneakers.

HIGH STYLE

The silhouette—embellished here by shimmering beads—is at once timeless and of-the-moment. Michael Kors Collection crepe dress; select Michael Kors stores. Louis Vuitton belt and platform boots. Details, see In This Issue.



LIQUID ASSETS
A shimmering sheath, swirling like molten tapestry, is further enlivened by side slits and an alluring transparency. Paco Rabanne mesh-aluminum dress and high sneakers; Barneys New York, NYC.





LINKED IN

Intricate metalwork adds edge to Balenciaga's lustrous, long-sleeved dress. Metal-and-embroidered silk dress; Balenciaga, NYC. Details, see In This Issue.

BEAUTY NOTE

Go for gold from head to toe this season. Laura Mercier's In the Glow Highlighting Trio gives eyes and cheeks a soft, lustrous finish.

SHINING ARMOR

A glittering mirror-ball gown with a high slit and tight fit is perfect for conquering any evening affair. Yves Saint Laurent Couture by Hedi Slimane embroidered dress. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane bracelet and boots.



RIBBED AND VAULTED

The perfect lean and structured architecture, somber palette, and gem-encrusted waist-cincher make a bold and refined case for stretchy knits at any time of the day or night. Alexander McQueen pleated dress ($2,195) and belt; Alexander McQueen, NYC. Louis Vuitton boots. In this story: hair, Didier Malige; makeup, Hannah Murray. Details, see In This Issue.



PRODUCED BY RICARDO D. MARTINS FOR NORTH SIX. SET DESIGN, PIERS HANMER

STEAL of the MONTH



BRIGHT HORIZON

Gomez wears a Diane von Furstenberg georgette-and-chiffon top ($298) and chiffon skirt ($398); (646) 486-4800. Hair, Gregory Russell; makeup, Ozzy Salvatierra. Photographed at Gesner House beach. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor:Sara Moonves.

PRODUCED BY 3STAR PRODUCTIONS



At Ease

Selena Gomez preps for a breakthrough year—and displays a hard-won normalcy. Photographed by Angelo Pennetta.

"There are so many ghosts in here," Selena Gomez declares in the service elevator of Manhattan's McKittrick Hotel. "This is insane." Her evidence: An iPhone app called Ghost Hunter M2 (advertised as "the #1 Paranormal Investigation Toolkit") is, at the moment, reading off the charts. We're en route to Polo Ralph Lauren's rooftop spring presentation, and between Fashion Week hoi polloi and a visit from Pope Francis, the city is mobbed. Gomez, however, is easygoing. "I think I have makeup all over my dress. Whatever; I'm a mess," she says, preparing to meet Mr. Lauren. In fact, she's about as much of a mess as Taylor Swift, whom Gomez refers to as "my sister." And if 2015 was Taylor's year, 2016 promises to see Gomez, 23, assume a similar position in the pop-star constellation.

This month, she will appear as herself in *The Big Short,* the Oscar-ambitious adaptation of Michael Lewis's 2010 best seller. She has already released her second solo album, *Revival,* which will supply a string of singles to last through her world tour, beginning in May. ("I haven't been this proud of something since *Spring Breakers,*" she says.) And Gomez does it all with the unabashed sweetness of a Disney princess rendered in the flesh: She calls Vera Wang "a hoot," speaks with her mother every day, and rattles off the artists she's listening to at the moment (DeJ Loaf, One Direction, and Rae Sremmurd) with aplomb. One might even describe Gomez's rather thoughtful approach to her whirlwind life as . . . Swiftian.—**MARK GUIDUCCI**

FLASH FORWARD



PINK HAIR DON'T CARE

Fernanda Ly's electric jewelry-with-jacket look is the perfect foil for the opening of the ***Point Break*** **remake,** starring Édgar Ramírez (see page 236) and Teresa Palmer. Cartier bracelets and watch; 800-CARTIER. Piaget tanzanite and emerald rings; piaget.com. Louis Vuitton cuffs and rings (FAR LEFT), jacket, and pants ($1,500); select Louis Vuitton boutiques.

Fashion Editor: Camilla Nickerson.

DIAMONDS AND DIAMANTÉS ENLIVEN THE SEASON'S PROGRESSIVE TAKE ON EVENINGWEAR, FROM THE CASUALLY COOL TO THE COYLY UNDONE. WELCOME TO THE NEW NIGHTTIME. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER.



FUZZY FLAIR
Ornaments aren't just for the holidays: Demo mismatched earrings and an embroidered sweater for a night out dancing to **Odesza,** the electronic-music wunderkinds, as they swing down the West Coast. Imaan Hammam wears a Chopard diamond hoop earring; Chopard boutiques. Chanel Fine Jewelry diamond earring; Chanel Fine Jewelry boutiques. Alexander McQueen sweater; Alexander McQueen, NYC. Details, see In This Issue.



CRYSTAL CHANDELIER

More is more: Pair a glitzy top with earrings every bit as glam to light up the night at **Chanel's annual Métiers d'Art show**—the traveling runway lands in Rome this month. Lineisy Montero wears a Bulgari diamond-strand earring; Bulgari boutiques. Tiffany & Co. aquamarine earring; tiffany.com. Chanel embellished organza top; select Chanel boutiques.



QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

Match a crystal crown with a grommet-studded dress for an effortlessly punky look at this year's **Diamond Ball, in support of Rihanna's Clara Lionel Foundation,** in L. A. Grace Hartzel wears a Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane tiara; Saint Laurent, NYC. Van Cleef & Arpels earring; Van Cleef & Arpels boutiques. Proenza Schouler dress ($2,850); Proenza Schouler, NYC. Details, see In This Issue.

BEAUTY NOTE

Every punk princess needs a slept-in, smudgy gaze. The powder formula in Bobbi Brown's Intense Pigment Eye Liner blends easily for soft, hazy edges.



ROCK STAR
Stand out from the **Art Basel Miami Beach** crowd in diamonds, stars, and lightweight, loose sweaters. Frederikke Sofie wears a Harry Winston tiered diamond necklace; (800) 988-4110. Givenchy Haute Couture by Riccardo Tisci cashmere cardigan with chain detail ($2,690) and lace dress; cardigan at Givenchy, NYC; dress at givenchy.com.



TRUE BLUE
The high-wattage sophistication of a diamond watch with a steely filigree dress goes hand in hand with attending a Broadway premiere—say, the Roundabout's revival of Michael Frayn's backstage farce ***Noises Off.*** Taylor Hill wears a Harry Winston diamond watch; (800) 988-4110. DeBeers diamond bracelets; debeers.com. Erdem dress; erdem.com. Details, see In This Issue. In this story: hair, James Pecis for Oribe Hair Care; makeup, Aaron de Mey.

PRODUCED BY MIREN LASA FOR PRODN AT ART + COMMERCE

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EDITOR: EMMA ELWICK-BATES

happy #holidays

The 55 glorious Insta-inspired gifts to give—and to fall in "like" with—for everyone on your list. Let the festivities begin!



#sorrynotsorry

1. Terrain wreath, $38; shopterrain.com.
2. F.R.S For Restless Sleepers pajamas; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.
3. Larkspur & Hawk necklaces; net-a-porter.com.
4. Tom Ford sandal; Tom Ford, NYC.
5. Louis Vuitton ink bottle, $52; louisvuitton.com.
6. Tacori ring; tacori.com.
7. Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane boot; Saint Laurent, NYC.
8. Julia B. sham, $330; juliab.com.
9. MCM bag; mcmworldwide.com.

#SORRYNOTSORRY: PETER LINDBERGH. 2, 3, AND 9: LUCAS VISSER. 7: JOHN MANNO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.


THE NEW
HOLIDAY SPICE
FLAT WHITE
Two bold ristretto shots of Christmas Blend Espresso Roast
joined by sweet, velvety steamed whole milk
and a perfect medley of holiday spices.
Only at Starbucks for the holidays.
At participating stores. While supplies last.
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10. Beats by Dr. Dre headphones, $380; apple.com. **11.** David Yurman ring; David Yurman, NYC. **12.** Dior bag; (800) 929-DIOR. **13.** Bottega Veneta sandal, $660; (800) 845-6790. **14.** Apple Watch Hermès, $1,250; apple.com. **15.** Marc Jacobs coat; Marc Jacobs stores. **16.** Victoria Beckham sunglasses, $550; victoriabeckham.com.

#shelfie

17. Canterbury Classics Word Cloud Classics book set, $150; juniperbooks.com. **18.** Gien dinner plate, $55; fxdougherty.com. **19.** Putnam & Putnam weekly arrangement, $118; putnamflowers.com. **20.** Astier de Villatte vase, $126; johnderian.com.

#ITSWHYWELIVEINLABABY: MARIO TESTINO. 13 AND 14: LUCAS VISSER. 15, 19, AND 20: JOHN MANNO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

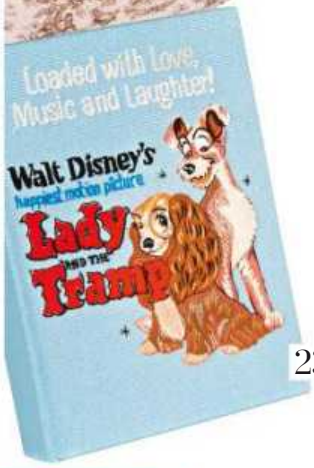


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#petsofinstagram



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21. Demel chocolates, $23; demel.at.
22. Harry Barker dog beds; harrybarker.com.
23. Olympia Le-Tan x Disney clutch; net-a-porter.com.
24. Goyard Travel Bowl Case; (212) 813-0005.
25. Bonpoint plush toy, $80; Bonpoint, NYC.
26. Charlotte Olympia kid's shoes, $325; charlotteolympia.com.
27. Mungo & Maud cat toy, $10; mungoandmaud.com.



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#PETSOFINSTAGRAM: BRUCE WEBER. 21: LUCAS VISSER.
#IHAVETHISTHINGWITHFLOORS: MARIO TESTINO. 29: LUCAS VISSER.
#YOLO: DAVID SIMS. 34: JOHN MANNO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

#ihavethisthingwithfloors



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28. Paul Smith for the Rug Company runner; therugcompany.com.
29. Versace backpack; select Versace boutiques.
30. Marques'Almeida jacket, $630; matchesfashion.com.



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#yolo

31. Equipment sweater, $288; (646) 277-6497.
32. Tiffany & Co. compass, $345; tiffany.com.
33. Hansa ride-on giraffe, $360; hansatoystore.com.
34. Brother Vellies shoe, $285; brothervellies.com.
35. Mulberry travel adapter, $200; Mulberry, NYC.
36. CVC Stones necklace; Barneys New York, NYC.
37. Fontana Milano 1915 backpack; Barneys New York, NYC.



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CHECK OUT VOGUE .COM FOR MORE SHOPPABLE LOOKS

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#nofilter



38. Patch dish towels, $25 each; abchome.com.
39. Margaret Howell laundry bag, $116; margarethowell.co.uk.
40. Green Blender weekly smoothies; from $39 a week; greenblender.com.
41. Magnolia Company olive tree, $39; onekingslane.com.
42. Farmaesthetics Nutrient Dense Fine Facial Oil, $58; farmaesthetics.com.



43. Berdoues Oud Al Sahraa cologne, $80; beautyhabit.com.
44. The Frye Company kid's boot, $138; thefryecompany.com.
45. Fred Leighton ring; Fred Leighton, NYC.
46. Etro hat, $810; Neiman Marcus stores.
47. Valentino dress; valentino.com.
48. Rolex watch; rolex.com.



#cleanliving

49. Spire Mind and Body tracker, $150; apple.com.
50. No Ka'Oi leggings, $190; net-a-porter.com.
51. Clear Blue Hawaii kayak; clearbluehawaii.com.
52. Public School jacket; (212) 302-1108.
53. Alchemist x Snarkitecture x New York Sunshine basketball, $95; colette.fr.
54. Loewe pouch, $650; Barneys New York stores.
55. Joie sneaker, $210; joie.com.

#NOFILTER: ERIC BOMAN. #TBT: MARIO TESTINO. 44: JOHN MANNO. #CLEANLIVING: PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. 50: JOHN MANNO. 52: GORMAN STUDIO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



Tights and Knee Highs

GOLDTOE®

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 218

Forever. It's very practical."

It makes perfect sense. There *is* something almost elemental about Lawrence. It reminds me of what her good friend Laura Simpson, who met Lawrence when she was seventeen, told me: "What I first noticed is that she was so pure." But that's not the same as being naive. As our table is covered with food—baby back ribs, lobster fritters, jalapeño creamed corn—we get to talking Hollywood. For a 25-year-old, she seems surprisingly sanguine about the extraordinary position she finds herself in. "My idea of big-money Hollywood is the symbiotic parasite," says Lawrence. "You can use me; that's fine, because I'm using you, too." This echoes something that Jacobson said: "I don't think there's any actor who has more power in terms of box office. I would be hard-pressed to think of anybody who has the freedom of choice that she has. What is great about her success is that her stardom is an incentive for Hollywood to do better—to write those roles so that they can then get Jen Lawrence in their movie. That's *real* power."

Most actresses who become box-office heavyweights end up creating their own production companies to develop material for themselves, like Sandra Bullock, Drew Barrymore, and Reese Witherspoon have. But Lawrence is not so interested in producing. "I want to direct. But I would rather just do it than talk about it." Jacobson thinks Lawrence will probably direct a movie when she's still in her 20s, like Jodie Foster. "I think as a woman, she knows: You may need to create the content that is worthy of you. So to give yourself the tool kit is just smart adaptive behavior." As part of her film schooling, Lawrence has been sitting in on Russell's editing sessions for *Joy.* "It's funny because I'm like, This process is so unique to *him*. There's almost nothing I can take away from it. It would be like watching a dolphin and being like, Oh! So *that's* how you swim in the ocean!"

When I ask Russell about the idea of Lawrence directing, he starts to laugh. "Well, first of all, I can't wait to see this creature of *now,* of pure this-momentness, have to be the one who has to worry about everything. I think it will be a very interesting change for her. But she's got a big soul and a big life ahead of her, and she can do really whatever she wants."

Lawrence seems determined to learn as much she can from the legends and lunatics she is often surrounded by. It's as if she hopes to fill in the gaps in an education that was eclipsed by her own raw talent: "I have a seventh- to halfway through eighth-grade education. But I'm not stupid." Her Hunger Games nemesis Donald Sutherland recently gave her a big box of classic books. "*Anna Karenina,* it was just like, putting your socks on and reading, like, a pile of *Vogue*s. *East of Eden,* I love it so much, but there's a part of me that thinks it shouldn't *be* a movie. The beauty is in the writing."

Despite her aura of fearlessness, there are some things about which she still feels insecure. Theater, for instance: "It scares me. My fear comes from feeling like theater is vocal and physical, and film is all eyes and subtlety. *That* I can do." She pauses for a moment. "Isabella Rossellini"—who plays the girlfriend of her father in *Joy*—"told me that I would love theater because it's *only* acting and none of the bullshit. But if I have to do more than three takes I start to just, like, die. Every time I've said that to somebody from theater, though, they always say it's completely different every single night." She's such a live-wire presence in person and on-screen, it's hard to imagine that wouldn't translate onstage.

Lawrence, who grew up in horse country, fifteen minutes from a farm where she went to ride every day as a kid, managed to scare herself at her *Vogue* shoot, which took place in the desert outside L.A. "They gave me this amazing horse," she says, eyes wide at the thought. "Fastest I've ever ridden in my life. As soon as we wrapped, I took that horse and galloped him so deep into the desert. That horse has seven speeds. I would give him one more kick and he just kept going faster. And there was this sunset in the desert and these big desert rocks and I just kept going and going and going, and by the time I turned around, I couldn't see people and I was worried I wouldn't find my way back. I can't see anybody! And I gave him one kick, and horses are amazing: He was like, Food! And he galloped all the way home." She laughs. "Oh, and I was wearing Tom Ford." □

LEGAL TENDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 248

None of this kitchen whimsy sits well with animal-rights activists, for whom the lifting of the ban on foie gras was a painful setback. Their concern is that gavage, the age-old practice of passing grain through a tube into the gullets of ducks or geese, is tantamount to torture. (Foie gras made from goose liver is the more ancient and more exquisite but now the rarer form, since geese lay eggs only a few months of the year while the Moulard duck lays continually.)

Chefs respond that foie is low-hanging fruit: There are currently only three producers in the United States, small farms that are more vulnerable than the politically powerful poultry and meat lobbies that protect a vastly more savage industry. Besides, say chefs, we have visited the farms and seen how well the ducks are treated. Proponents of the ban believe that through a bit of henhouse chicanery, chefs get a sanitized version of events. "The problem is that poultry are not very charismatic," says Holly Cheever, a veterinarian who consults to PETA. "People swim with manatees and fall in love with them, and if ducks, who are in fact sensitive and intelligent animals, allowed us to do the same, then we probably wouldn't eat their livers." (Cheever also told me that pigs are smarter than most of her high school boyfriends.)

Foie gras farmers, meanwhile, argue that their practices mimic a natural event in the seasonal cycle of waterfowl. In the fall, before the frost kills their food supply, ducks and geese search for high-energy sustenance for their long migration. Their search coincides with the autumnal ripening of the grains, on which they gorge before flying south. The Spanish farmer Eduardo Sousa has managed to produce goose foie gras on his property in Extremadura by replicating this seasonal binge. He is the only person currently making foie gras without gavage.

The practice is believed to have originated in Egypt some 5,000 years ago, when geese migrating from Northern Europe touched down in the Nile delta and the hunters who trapped them discovered their large, tasty livers. The Egyptians domesticated these animals and, by force-feeding them grain pellets, found that they could achieve the same effect that nature had. The practice spread to Greece (in Homer's *Odyssey,*

Penelope says, "I have 20 geese at home, eating wheat soaked in water") and then to Rome, where cultivators began feeding geese dried figs instead of grain. (The word *foie* derives from the Latin *ficatum,* meaning "fig-stuffed.") It was in ancient Rome that foie gras became a food of aristocratic luxury. Elagabalus, the unfettered teenage emperor, insisted that his dogs eat nothing but goose liver. He is also said to have murdered his banquet guests one night by smothering them under a mountain of rose petals.

Culinary history falls silent for a millennium or so after the fall of the empire, but it's likely that the Jews who learned to force-feed geese during their subjugation in Roman Palestine brought the tradition to Northern Europe. The first French recipes were lavish, heart-stopping affairs: whole lobes studded with brandy-soaked truffle matchsticks or wrapped in mincemeat and wrapped again in puff pastry. In *L'Ancienne Alsace à table,* dated 1862, the attorney and historian Charles Gérard wrote, "The goose is nothing, but man has made of it an instrument for the output of a marvelous product, a kind of hothouse in which grows the supreme fruit of gastronomy."

Christopher Kostow, the Napa Valley chef at the Restaurant at Meadowood, uses foie gras sparingly in his three Michelin–starred dining room. "To me, when the ban was lifted and people were doing these fifteen-course foie dinners, it showed a lack of respect for the ingredient," he told me. "Do I think it's more cruel than Kentucky Fried Chicken? No. But I do think it calls for restraint." Kostow aims for surprise with foie gras, as at a dinner at a Salzburg food event this fall for which he marinated the liver in a pesto made of chrysanthemum leaves, then waved a white-hot log of binchotan, a Japanese charcoal, over its surface. "But at home," he added, "a simple terrine is what I'd want to see around the table. That would be awesome."

Fair enough, but first I thought it might be fun to try the famous 200-year-old dish called tournedos Rossini, which consists of a filet mignon served over toast, topped with a hot slice of foie gras, bathed in a reduction of veal stock and Madeira, and crowned with a shaving of black truffle. I had only eaten it once before, at Alain Ducasse in New York, in a dining room where beside each table an Hermès bag sat on a tiny tufted stool. The foie arrived in a gleaming copper cocotte, and as the lid was lifted, I thought of the raiders sliding the top off the lost ark. As it happened I had about a third of a small black Périgord truffle nestled in risotto rice in a container in my freezer, which seemed to have survived the mass extinction of leftovers caused by an August power outage. Diced up and tossed into a bubbling emulsion of beef fat, foie fat and Madeira, that dubious truffle retained just enough of its magic perfume to produce a lily-gilding sauce. The tournedos was delicious and unholy and induced me to sign up, a second time, for CrossFit.

I still had most of the fresh liver in my refrigerator, so several days later I pressed it into a small yellow crock of enameled cast iron from my mother's cache of 1970s Le Creuset, which I either borrowed or stole years ago. I splashed it with port—though Sauternes would have been more correct—and sprinkled it with salt and pepper. (Thomas Keller suggests white pepper for appearance's sake.) I set the terrine in a water bath and cooked it in a low oven until my Thermapen read 115°. Then I drained off the fat, weighted the liver down with a circle of plastic-wrapped cardboard supporting a tomato can, and chilled it. I warmed some of the leftover fat, poured it on top, and set it back to chill again.

Most chefs will disagree, but I say the terrine freezes beautifully. You can move it to the refrigerator two days before someone you love (or someone who might buy your screenplay) comes to dinner. The pink pâté is wonderful with any cracker but best with slices of toasted brioche and some sort of tangy compote. I once saw a carb-averse woman in a Brentwood restaurant scooping up the stuff with endive leaves, a grim document of self-denial at war with self-indulgence. Animal's Vinny Dotolo had a brilliant idea: Turn the terrine into finger sandwiches by combining it with some jam to create a sort of grown-up party PB&J.

Though it's not yet Christmas, you won't be surprised to learn that I've already had my fill of foie gras for the season. Cooking with it and reflecting on it have given me the desire to eat it less and cherish it more. Is there such a thing as excess in moderation? Is excess in moderation more excess or more moderation? This philosophical quandary came to mind recently when I happened upon an article about Elizabeth Paepcke, the Chicago heiress who in 1939 caught a glimpse of the faded silver-mining town of Aspen, Colorado, while on a skiing expedition. Over the next few decades, by dreaming up both the Aspen Institute and the Aspen Music Festival, Paepcke made of the place a magnet for the high-minded and deep-pocketed. But over time, she came to bemoan the encroaching glitz: the white mink ski booties, the mega-mansions set into the mountain like gaudy jewels. "Are we going to kill the golden goose," she asked the guests assembled at a 1987 design conference, "by feeding the animal until its liver becomes distended and we produce a pâté which is so rich that none of us can digest it anymore?"

It was a metaphor that this tinselly group surely understood. Foie gras's strangeness, its deliciousness, its richness and preciousness have made it the food of celebration, even if it is a food some find hard to celebrate. Readers of this essay may already find themselves scanning their minds for more salubrious pleasures, pleasures that ask little to nothing of the animal kingdom. Here's one, courtesy of the English food writer Elizabeth David, who in one of her many essays on Christmas cookery extols that most Californian of foods, the avocado. Is there anything in nature that calls to mind the unctuous smoothness of a foie gras terrine, solid and yet poised for liquefaction, quite the way the unlikely avocado does? David suggested it as a first course at Christmas dinner.

"I fully realize that I am unlikely to convert anyone," she wrote, "so will say no more here except that a fine ripe avocado with a little salt, lemon juice and perhaps a trickle of lightly fruity olive oil is to me one of the world's luxuries." □

Fresh and prepared foie gras can be found at specialty stores or ordered online. Visit the Web sites of Hudson Valley Foie Gras, La Belle Farm, Rougié, or D'Artagnan. Fresh foie gras can be purchased in whole lobes or slices (preferably grade A). Prepared foie gras comes in several forms, but for the purest experience, make sure to choose a product that says WHOLE FOIE GRAS *(foie gras entier): A terrine (in a tub, tin, or jar) and a dowel-shaped torchon are best. Avoid foie gras mousse, which is mostly air.* □

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DREAM STATE

201: Custom-made dress (price upon request), belt ($1,245), and sneakers ($620); dress at 011-44-207-318-2222 for information; belt at Alexander McQueen, NYC; sneakers at alexandermcqueen.com. **202–203:** Custom-made dress and platform sandals (priced upon request); (800) 929-DIOR. **204:** Custom-made dress (price upon request), tiara ($1,495), necklace ($495), bracelet ($995), ring ($695), bag ($1,690), and boots ($495); Saint Laurent, NYC, (212) 980-2970. **205:** Custom-made dress (price upon request), earrings ($295), necklace ($525), cuff ($475), and sandals (similar styles priced upon request); Alexander Wang, NYC. **206–207:** Custom-made dress, price upon request; (212) 420-7300 for information. **208:** Dress ($7,455) and earrings ($360). **210–211:** Vests, T-shirt, skirt, fingerless gloves, and platform boots (priced upon request); 866-VUITTON. In this story: The National Theatre's workshops are responsible for costumes, costume props, wigs, hair, and makeup. Costumes and props: Sabine Lemaître, Carol Lingwood, Mike Roff, Catherine Ladd, Ashley Holtom, Liz Crossman, Louise Dixon, Gemma Brown, and Anna Bliss Scully. Wigs, hair, and makeup: Giuseppe Cannas, Carole Hancock, Suzanne Scotcher, Sophia Bowerman, and Polly Avison. Additional costumes made by Dulcie Best, Emma Jealouse, Heather Bagley, and Karen Sharp. Additional costume props made by Robert Allsopp. Makeup for *wonder.land* provided by MAC Cosmetics. Manicure, Lorraine Griffin.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

212–213: Dress, $2,250; proenzaschouler.com. Boots, $730; Barneys New York, NYC. **216–217:** Tank top ($775) and skirt ($6,990); givenchy.com. Jacket, $6,290; Valentino boutiques. **219:** Dress, $6,200; Dior boutiques. **220:** Dress, $20,800; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. **221:** Tank top ($2,990) and skirt ($2,450); Tom Ford, Beverly Hills. In this story: Manicure, Deborah Lippmann.

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222: Briefs, price upon request. On Gleeson: Cotton-linen blazer ($1,260) and pants ($500); Barneys New York, NYC. Sunspel polo shirt, $110; sunspel.com. **223:** Espadrilles, $450; (212) 988-8686. On Gleeson: Soludos espadrilles, $42; soludos.com. **224–225:** Lace dress, $5,750. On Gleeson: Cotton suit jacket ($1,250) and trousers ($435); burberry.com. Linen shirt, $700; select Hermès boutiques. **226:** Skirt, $5,725. **228:** Teardrop earrings, $395; ippolita.com. **229:** Dress, $15,500; Givenchy, NYC, (212) 650-0180. 18K-gold ring with dangling diamond ($4,525), 18K gold–and–diamond band ($5,025), and 18K gold–and–diamond vine ring ($8,375); Me & Ro, NYC. **230–231:** Sterling-silver ring ($714) and linked rings ($550); spinellikilcollin.com. On Gleeson: ATM Anthony Thomas T-shirt, $76; barneys.com. **232:** Enameled-porcelain earrings, $950; Céline, NYC, (212) 535-3703. In this story: Local producer, Cátia Castel-Branco. Special thanks to Paulo Pimenta and Cristina Alves Freitas. Manicure, Emilia for Miguel Viana.

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236–237: Shearling jacket, $3,900; belstaff.com.

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256: Custom-made dress, bracelet ($395), and boots ($995); Saint Laurent, NYC, (212) 980-2970. **257:** Belt, $1,245. Boots, $1,130; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. In this story: Support and assistance from Westchester County Film Office and the County of Westchester, NY. Manicure, Rica Romain.

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WHAT TO WEAR WHERE

260: 18K white gold–and–onyx bracelet with diamonds, 18K white gold–and–black lacquer bracelets with diamonds, and 18K white gold–and–diamond watch (priced upon request). Rings, priced upon request. Diamond cuff, onyx-and-diamond cuff, black lacquer–and–diamond ring, and onyx-and-diamond rings (priced upon request), jacket ($12,500). **261:** Diamond hoop earring, price upon request for pair. 18K white gold–and–diamond earring, $173,000 for pair. Sweater, $5,435. **262:** Diamond strand earring, price upon request for pair. Aquamarine earring with diamonds and sapphires, $85,000 for pair. Top, price upon request. **263:** Tiara ($1,995); Saint Laurent, NYC, (212) 980-2970. Diamond earring, price upon request for pair. Dress; Proenza Schouler, NYC, (212) 420-7300. **264:** Diamond necklace, price upon request. Cardigan; Givenchy, NYC, (212) 650-0180. Dress, price upon request. **265:** Diamond watch, price upon request. Diamond bracelets, price upon request. Dress, price upon request. In this story: Set design, Jean-Hugues de Châtillon. Manicure, Lorandy.

Index: #sorrynotsorry; **1:** Courtesy of Terrain. **4:** Courtesy of Tom Ford. **5:** Courtesy of Louis Vuitton Malletier. **6:** Courtesy of Tacori. **8:** Courtesy of Jayme Lawnsby. #itswhyweliveinlababy: **10:** Courtesy of Beats by Dr. Dre. **11:** Courtesy of David Yurman. **12:** Courtesy of Dior. **16:** Courtesy of Victoria Beckham. #shelfie: **17:** Courtesy of Juniper Books. **18.** Courtesy of Gien. #petsofinstagram: **22:** Courtesy of Harry Barker. **23:** Courtesy of net-a-porter. **24:** Courtesy of Goyard. **25:** Courtesy of Bonpoint. **26:** Courtesy of Charlotte Olympia. **27:** Courtesy of Mungo and Maud. #ihavethis thingwithfloors: **28:** Courtesy of The Rug Company. **30:** Courtesy of Matches Fashion. #yolo: **31:** Courtesy of Equipment. **32:** Courtesy of Tiffany & Co. **33:** Courtesy of Hansa Toy Store. **35:** Courtesy of Mulberry. **36, 37:** Courtesy of Barneys New York. #nofilter: **38:** Courtesy of ABC Carpet & Home. **39:** Courtesy of Margaret Howell. **41:** Courtesy of One Kings Lane. **42:** Courtesy of Farmaesthetics. #tbt: **43:** Courtesy of beautyhabit.com. **45:** Courtesy of Fred Leighton. **46:** Courtesy of Etro. **48:** Courtesy of Rolex. #cleanliving: **49:** Courtesy of Apple. **51:** Courtesy of Clear Blue Hawaii. **53:** Courtesy of Colette. **54:** Courtesy of Loewe. **55:** Courtesy of Joie. **266: 1.** Cedar-and-twig wreath. **2.** Pajamas, $1,560. **3.** Rose-gold necklace with white topaz and pink foils at net-a-porter.com. Black rhodium necklace with white topaz and green foils at larkspurandhawk.com. **4.** Sandal, $1,790. **6.** Tiger iron ring, $5,490. **7.** Boot, $2,795. **9.** Crossbody bag, $1,495. **268–269: 11.** Gold-and-diamond pinky ring, $2,350; David Yurman, NYC, (212) 752-4255. **12.** Bag, $4,800. **15.** Coat, $4,800. **22.** Dog beds, $150–$190. **23.** Clutch, $1,880. **24.** Travel bowl case, $4,730. **28.** Rug, $129 per square foot. **29.** Backpack, $2,995. **36.** Stone pendant necklace with diamonds, $2,960. **37.** Backpack, price upon request. **270: 45.** Emerald ring, price upon request. **47.** Dress, $10,000. **48.** Stainless-steel watch with ceramic bezel, $9,050. **51.** Kayak, $6,985. **52.** Jacket, price upon request. **Last look: 276:** Tote, select Gucci boutiques.

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Last Look

EDITOR: VIRGINIA SMITH



DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE

Gucci tote, $2,950

To step into Alessandro Michele's world at Gucci—one bursting with tender nostalgia, from languorous and leggy silhouettes to embellishments in every color of the rainbow—is to escape our day-to-day grind; to visually vacation, if even for a moment, in paradise. Next stop on his trip-the-light-fantastic? This square tote, which features the house's classic interlocked monogram seen through a kaleidoscope of forget-me-nots, diving birds, and honeybees. Heaven, indeed, is a place—or a bag—on Earth. □

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